

FIFTY CENTS

JUNE 22, 1970

TIME

Middle East
in
Turmoil



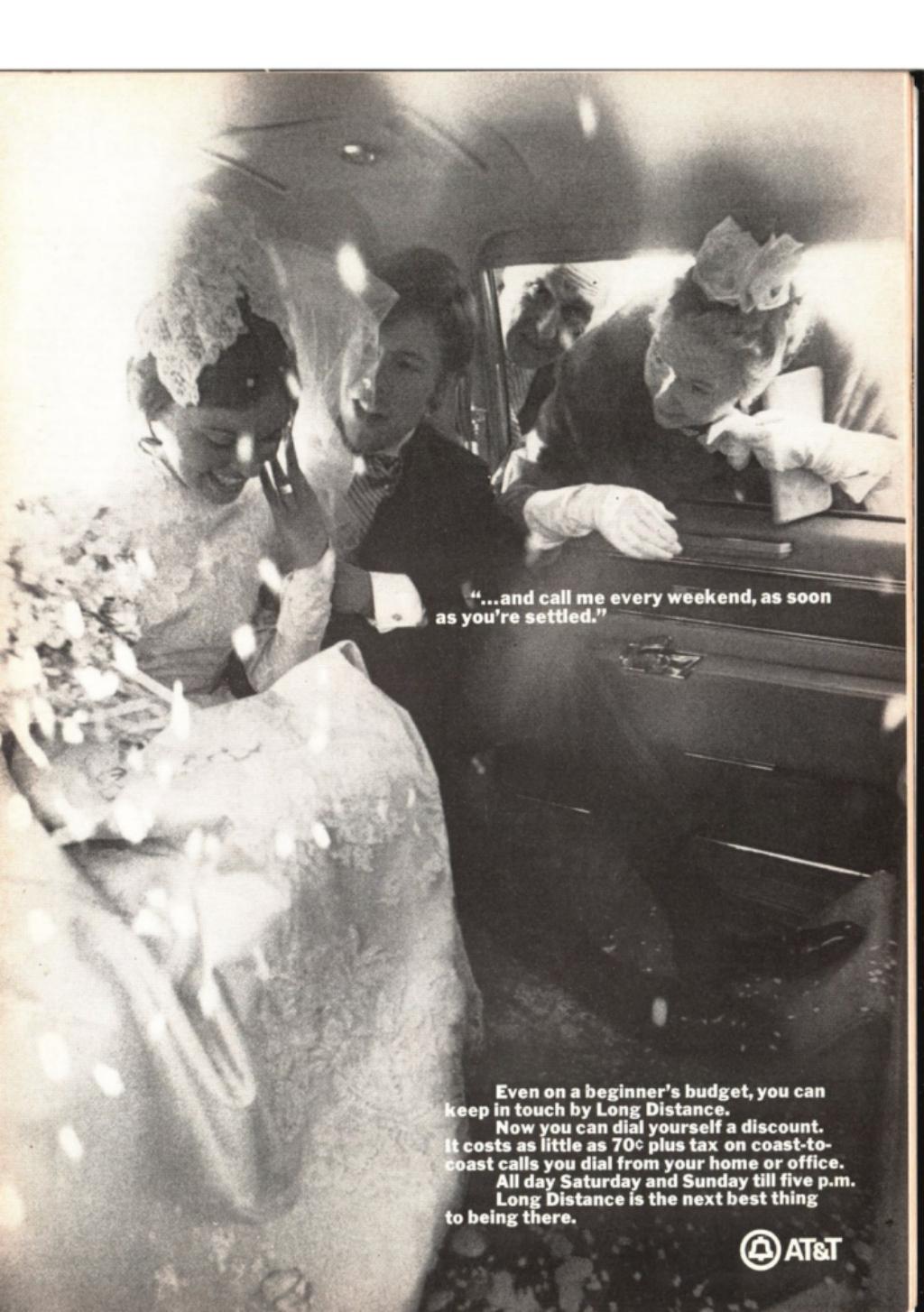
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LETTERS

A Battle of Giants

Sir: One point you failed to mention in your excellent article on the stock market [May 25] was the effect of the high surcharge on commissions for the small investor. By discouraging the little man who would like to share sincerely in American industrial progress, the marketeers will soon find themselves facing institutions only. Then we will see a battle of the giants interested only in outsmarting each other. Trade-offs on huge blocks of shares may be common, and eventually brokers will disappear.

GEORGE MOORE

Charlottesville, Va.

Sir: When 1,000,000 people, half of whom are probably in the \$10,000-to-\$18,000 bracket or better, are out of work largely because of Government spending cutbacks in aerospace and related industries, you cannot help but have a slump [June 1]. It is simply a downward spiral: less income, less tax paid, less money spent; ergo more Government funds for unemployment.

What ever happened to the good old adage, "It takes money to make money"?

The Nixon Administration had better beware, for this time it is not the blacks or other minority groups who are out of work, it is his precious Silent Majority, and I must say they asked for it by electing him.

(MRS.) DOROTHY HOFFMAN

Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir: The overpowering force causing inflation has been and is the Federal Government's consistently spending more than it has taken in through recent years. President Nixon, your article notwithstanding ("Nixon has clearly let economic forces get out of hand"), is not solely responsible. Neither should labor and management be made the whipping boys. How about the Congress living up to its responsibility of seeing that the country lives within its means?

Just "a little controlled inflation" is not acceptable. What is required is balanced budgets, sound money and new labor legislation, in that order.

FRED G. WACKER JR.

North Chicago, Ill.

Sir: You quote President Nixon as being convinced that the recession at the end of the Eisenhower Administration cost him the presidency in 1960.

But you fail to point out that there were three recessions during the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration, and that the chief economic adviser during much of this period was Arthur Burns.

Most of the economic trouble now facing the nation must rest with Mr. Burns. When presidential policies don't work, Mr. Burns has a habit of saying that he disagreed with them at the time. But there is no evidence to suggest that Mr. Burns disagreed with the decision to eliminate the wage-price guidelines, or that he disagreed with the policy of trying to control inflation by relying almost entirely on tight money and high interest rates.

More than any other person, Mr. Burns was responsible for the Nixon program for controlling inflation. How unbelievable that he should have been rewarded for his mistakes by being made Chairman of the Federal Reserve. In this position Mr. Burns will be with us for a long time, where he will be in a key position to con-

tinue economic programs that place the cost of the war on the poor, the aged and the unemployed.

JOHN C. DAVIS
Economist, President's
Council of Economic
Advisers, 1947-52

New Port Richey, Fla.

Is Cambodia Necessary?

Sir: In your discussion of presidential war powers [June 1], you neglected to quote the most relevant part of the so-called Tonkin Gulf Resolution: "... . The United States is, therefore, prepared, as the President determines, to take all necessary steps, including the use of armed force, to assist any member or protocol state of the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty requesting assistance in defense of its freedom."

Did Congress need to be more explicit? South Viet Nam is a "protocol state" and "all necessary steps" for its defense can plainly include air, naval and ground action against all hostile forces and bases which threaten its security, whether they be in Cambodia, in Laos or in North Viet Nam itself.

KENNETH H.W. HILBORN
Associate Professor of History
University of Western Ontario
London, Ont.

Sir: President Nixon was elected because he said he had a plan to extricate us from Southeast Asia. I see now why he did not tell us what that plan was.

ROBERT M. STANLEY
Sacramento, Calif.

Sir: In an obvious effort to depreciate whatever our soldiers may have accomplished in Cambodia, you say: "The 1,700 tons of captured ammunition is a huge haul [June 1]. Yet two-thirds of it is .51-cal. ammunition used for antiaircraft purposes. . ." As the father of a helicopter pilot in Viet Nam, may I ask just what the hell is wrong with that? If all this ammunition had been intended to shoot the brats who are burning buildings, would you have depreciated its capture?

I deplore the shooting of any of our children, whether they be brats or heroes. But let's give the heroes equal TIME.

ALBERT BOYD SHARP
Haddonfield, N.J.

Service and Disservice

Sir: I find your assertion that "a few resignations might help" [June 1] to be both dangerous and absurd. The tragedy of this Administration lies in the near unanimity in the minds of its officials, and in the lack of opposition to its divisive policies. The Finches and Hickells are our last hope; if they go, no doubt their replacements would be cast in the same unimaginative mold that characterizes Nixon's official circle. Their resignations would deprive them of the publicity accorded high officials, rather than result in any great reassessment of policies.

DAVID MARGOLICK

Windsor, Conn.

Sir: It is good to have a private airing of differing opinions within the Administration. But once a policy has been adopted, it is the clear duty of all members to either implement that policy with complete loyalty or resign. Only if the latter course

is chosen does one have the right to public expression of contrary views.

RICHARD G. MULFORD

Dearborn, Mich.

War on Words

Sir: "In cold blood" killing in the Middle East is not limited to one side as your article [June 1] suggests. Is not the killing in reprisal of the 13 Lebanese civilians "nothing less than a calculated act of vengeance" as much as the Israeli school-bus attack by the eight Popular Front Arabs? The important difference is that one is carried out by a few self-appointed, vengeful Arabs, condemned even by the Al-Fatah, and not at all representative of the Arabs; the other one is implemented by the army of the government of Israel carrying out a blatant national reprisal policy against the neighbors with whom it so cunningly purports to desire peace.

You state that Israeli jets "accidentally" bombed an Egyptian industry, killing 80 workers, and that 30 Egyptian children were killed when the Israelis hit a building "believed to be a military installation." Yet when an Arab commits a killing it is billed as "murder" and all Arabs are blamed. Israeli killings are characterized as just the unlucky happenings of war. The killings are wrong on both sides and your wording is unfair.

NANCY FIGGINS HENDEREK
Rockaway, N.J.

Sir: Seeing the bodies of the Israeli children, and reading of their murder by bazooka "at pointblank range," one cannot help recalling the U.N. debates following the 1967 war and the lamentations of the Saudi Arabian ambassador who passionately accused Israel and the world of

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"not understanding the Arab mind." Now, perhaps, we do.

CHARLES S. BRUMMER, M.D.

Rantoul, Ill.

The Double Standard

Sir: Masters and Johnson's work [May 25] is unfortunately marred by their hypocritical attitude toward women. They claim that it is unjust to deny treatment to single men for their sex problems, yet perfectly proper to deny treatment to single women! Their rationale is that women are taught that for them, sex belongs only in marriage; therefore treatment outside marriage would only complicate their problems.

They are perpetuating our culture's ridiculous double standard, which in itself is the basis for many sex problems for both females and males. Their concern doesn't seem to extend to the wife surrogates provided to male clients. In Masters and Johnson's own judgment, these women are going to end up with some terrific sex problems. The authors completely ignore those women who have chosen to remain single while maintaining an active sex life. Denying them treatment is clearly open discrimination against a large segment of our society.

ANN KRUSE

Davenport, Iowa

Sir: As a young married couple in our mid-20s, my husband and I are all too familiar with the sexual demands that have been placed upon our society, primarily by the advertising media. What woman today isn't made to feel sexually lacking if she isn't celery-stalk slim, beautifully

made-up all the time and sexually appeased nearly that often? And consider the poor husband whose wife is in any way lacking these things. Amid all this confusion, the article on Masters and Johnson was somehow reassuring.

MRS. LARRY A. BRANDT

Seattle

Forum for Crisis

Sir: Re your story about the work of the Illinois constitutional convention and a canceled appearance by former HEW Secretary John Gardner [May 25].

As president of the convention, I invited Mr. Gardner to speak on the constitutional implications of the urban crisis. It became apparent that Mr. Gardner, after accepting our invitation to discuss this subject, decided that the war in Southeast Asia was of greater concern and was determined to speak on this question rather than the subject assigned.

Since the convention was obviously an inappropriate forum for Mr. Gardner's released talk, he was asked to respond directly to our invitation by speaking on the urban crisis and constitutional remedies. This suggestion was rejected, and Mr. Gardner returned to Washington without addressing our convention. Reports that Cambodia and other issues not directly involved in our deliberations have been debated at the convention are erroneous. Charges that the action taken was politically motivated are not true.

SAMUEL W. WITWER

President

Sixth Illinois Constitutional Convention
Springfield, Ill.

Sound-Off on the SST

Sir: Considering the multifaceted disruption of our environment that this flying travesty will incur, I would rather spend a few extra hours in the sealed chambers of a conventional jet than land two hours early in an SST [June 1] on a nearly uninhabitable earth.

MICHAEL S. BALIS, M.D.

Sausalito, Calif.

Sir: We already know too much about the SST's potential for wreaking environmental havoc to need to see and hear it perform.

Going ahead with this monstrosity is like playing Russian roulette with all the chambers loaded.

DICK ALLIETTA

Charlottesville, Va.

Expectation: Sloshed

Sir: If General Motors' physiological tester [June 1] is no more reliable than the cars it produces, I can't see how it will restrain enough drunk and deficient drivers to justify the extra cost and time involved. In fact, even if it works perfectly, its installation in every car ominously reduces the Government's expectation of human performance to the lowest common denominator: every man now presumed sloshed until he demonstrates otherwise.

DAVID E. REYNOLDS

Stanford, Calif.

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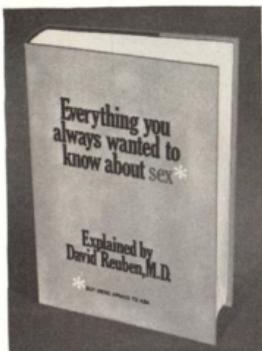
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Flock to the Flagpole

Once, in a Norman Rockwell America, it was flown on Flag Day with what in retrospect seems a certain innocence, aspiration and uncomplicated pride. Too often now, the flag represents not one Nation, indivisible, but a code of the country's fractured ideologies. On this Flag Day, the nation seemed decorated by some astonishingly commercial Barbara Fritchie Associates.

It is not only policemen and construction workers who wrap themselves in bunting. Gold flag pins are selling briskly at Tiffany's, and at Manhattan's "21," the maitre d' determinedly passes out little enameled flags for the lapel. With entirely different intentions—a mockery that is not always unaffected—the young wear flag shirts, flag ties, flag patches on their jeans.

An outsider might think that Americans are in the spasms of an identity crisis. How else to explain such a crowding around the flagpole? It is not an ignoble impulse—patriotism is not the last refuge of scoundrels. The last refuge is violent intolerance and, as the nation is wisely beginning to distinguish, there are scoundrels on either side.

Up Scope

"I think America is lacking in men with, if I may use the term, male gonads," said Los Angeles Police Chief Edward Davis, "men who are willing to stand up and fight for what they be-

lieve is right." Then the chief requested a 16½% budget hike for fiscal 1971—from \$97 million to \$113 million. With that, he would beef up his force to 7,010 men and increase his air force from four helicopters to ten.

Some Angelenos were startled when Davis announced that besides his army and air force, next year he would be needing a navy as well. Although Davis later denied that he was serious, he had proposed to buy a police submarine for use against smugglers.

Interim Judgment

Edward Kennedy last week announced for another six-year term as Senator from Massachusetts. On the basis of a Louis Harris poll, Kennedy seemed wise to disavow any presidential ambitions for '72. By 55% to 33%, those surveyed agreed that on Chappaquiddick "he panicked in a crisis and should not be given high public trust, such as being President."

Cave Art

One cigarette commercial tells women: "You've come a long way, baby, to get where you've got to today." In another, an epineptic prig snatches back his cigarettes from a girl and abandons her on a ski lift. Now some sympathizers with women's liberation have struck back with a poster combining the two motifs in what might be called guerrilla graphics. "Ads," as Marshall McLuhan says, "are the cave art of the 20th century."

REEDER & SCHOPR

You've come a long way baby~



THE PRESIDENT PRESENTS HIS NEW LINEUP:

Nixon: Boss

RICHARD NIXON predicted it months ago: 1970, he told his aides, would be the Administration's time of trouble and testing. He was only too prescient. Indochina, the Middle East, the economy, the students, the Senate have taken turns showing their immunity to presidential will. The resulting image of lapsed Executive control has greatly added to White House problems. But bad news often feeds as much on itself as on events. Despite his difficulties in a number of areas, the President has vigorously begun to assert his leadership in one of the most crucial areas of all, the running of the U.S. Government.

Rapidly following up on his transfer of Robert Finch from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to the White House, Nixon last week drafted another Cabinet officer, Labor Secretary George Shultz, to head the Office of Management and Budget, which comes to life in the White House on July 1. The creation of the OMB, together with a new Domestic Affairs Council, had been announced in March. Now Nixon's choice of Shultz to head the OMB, together with his transfer of Finch, makes the organizational changes more important than they appeared to be at first. The other personnel shifts:

CASPAR WEINBERGER, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission and former state finance director of California, joins the OMB as Shultz's deputy.

JOHN EHRLICHMAN, Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs, becomes executive director of the Domestic Affairs Council.

ROBERT MAYO, Director of the Budget Bureau, moves to the White House staff as a Counsellor to the President, which could be a way station to a Cabinet post if more changes are yet to come.

JAMES HODGSON, now Shultz's Under Secretary and a former vice president of Lockheed Aircraft Corp., succeeds Shultz as Secretary of Labor.

Counterweight. The key to last week's changes is Shultz, who has risen from his peers on the Cabinet to gain Nix-



LAWRENCE STERK

into the Executive Branch of Government." But separating goals from their execution may be more difficult than it sounds. On paper, Ehrlichman and Shultz will be equals, each with his own staff, each with his own line of communication to the President. Haldeman will continue as overall coordinator of White House activities. How the setup works out will depend on the durability and chemistry of the individuals involved. It will be Ehrlichman's task to pull together and reconcile the aspirations of the individual operating such departments as HEW, Transportation, and Housing and Urban Development. After the President decides what should be done, it will be up to Shultz's office to police the execution.

Ehrlichman is not primarily an idea man. Nor is he an expert in any one domestic field. He is likely, therefore, to have competition from both Shultz and Finch, each of whom has had more experience in Government than Lawyer Ehrlichman from Seattle. Finch notes that he will be involved with a "whole passel of things," including "what our agenda of social needs ought to be once we get the Viet Nam War out of the way." In establishing the two new bodies, Nixon was obviously trying to make the vast federal bureaucracy more responsive to White House policy. In choosing new White House talent, Nixon seemed to be saying that he wanted more vigorous intellects close by to help set that policy as well as to carry it out.

No Kind Words. Yet Nixon was not throwing open the doors to internal dissent. That the President is growing impatient with controversial subordinates was apparent in last week's sudden dismissal of James Allen as Commissioner of Education in HEW. A progressive Republican widely respected by fellow educators, Allen was ousted without any of the kind words that normally ac-

HODGSON, SHULTZ, NIXON, MAYO, WEINBERGER

in a Bad Year

on's total confidence as both an adviser and a doer (see box, following page). A Republican moderate who is liberal by this Administration's standards, Shultz is both a friend and potential ally of Finch's. Together they seem likely to introduce a new element within the White House, a counterweight to the relatively narrow conservatism of a number of the present top White House staffers.⁶ Their recruitment in tandem indicates Nixon's realization that he has not been as well served by his immediate aides as he might have been [TIME cover, June 8]. One of the most frequent criticisms of the White House recently has been that the President has become insulated from independent viewpoints and wide-angle advice.

As Director of the Office of Management and Budget, Shultz and his staff will be expected to superintend overall execution of Government programs. Besides hunting down superfluous activities, OMB will assume the staff and functions of the present Bureau of the Budget, including its efficiency-expert role. Mayo had been expected to head the enlarged operation. The fact that he was bypassed is significant. Mayo, a skilled economist with nearly 20 years of federal service, is not an innovator, a policymaker or an advocate who can fight effectively for his point of view. Shultz is all three. Further, Mayo has not had a private conversation with Nixon for several months; Shultz has had ready access to the President.

What v. How. Thus it is doubtful that Mayo could have mustered the weight to hold his own against men like Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman, two of the aides closest to Nixon. Shultz is expected to have that clout. Moreover, Shultz's new deputy, Weinberger, though on the FTC for only six months, has fast established a reputation as a

tough, reform-minded administrator. Like Shultz, Weinberger owes his selection to merit and performance rather than long personal service to the President. He too may bring a new viewpoint to White House deliberations.

The big question is how power will be divided in the new line-up. The choice of Ehrlichman to head the Domestic Affairs Council, a body that is to rank with the National Security Council, was a foregone conclusion. DAC replaces three existing bodies—the Urban Affairs Council, the Rural Affairs Council and the Cabinet Committee on Environment. Ehrlichman's present staff of 30 may be doubled. As Nixon explained it: "The Domestic Council will be primarily concerned with what we do. The Office of Management and Budget will be primarily concerned with how we do it and how well we do it."

Whole Passel. Nixon observed that he was "finally bringing real business management at the very highest level

Finch's Try for Vindication

DESPITE Robert Finch's many problems in running the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, he requested six more months in that post when the President asked him to join the White House staff. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Simmons Fentress, Finch said: "I told him you have some good periods and bad periods in a department that big, and we had some things coming up. I told him I wanted to go out on the upbeat. He wouldn't accept it. He said he had some other moves he wanted to make, and he felt a strong need to do it then."

One move, it developed last week, was the firing of James Allen as Commissioner of Education—a decision made in the White House but ex-

ecuted by Finch in his last days as HEW Secretary. Many HEW staffers were already restive over the department's inability to withstand conservative pressure from the White House; had Finch stayed on after Allen's dismissal, a further result of that pressure, his position in HEW would have been further undermined.

Finch was painfully aware of the internal criticism of his stewardship. Shortly before Nixon informed him of his transfer to the White House, Finch, while taking a doctor's-orders rest, was planning to cope with those objections. His aim, as one associate put it, was to be "more assertive, provide stronger leadership, get more policy attack." Thus his desire for another six months in which to vindicate himself.

⁶ Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a liberal Democrat, has offered differing viewpoints. But Moynihan, never a Nixon intimate, plans to leave the Administration this year.

company separations from Government service. The White House insisted that Allen's public criticism of the Cambodian decision had nothing to do with his release; after all, Nixon on May 8 had said: "Everybody in this Administration should have the right, after considering all the factors, to speak out and express his views." But after Allen did speak out on May 21, his departure seemed to be only a matter of time. He had long been unhappy about the low level of education spending and the Administration's ambivalent attitude toward pressing to achieve genuine racial integration.

Adverse Ruling. Finch, Allen's boss, did not try to explain the dismissal, though he did attempt to take responsibility for it. White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler made it appear that the President had been unhappy with Allen's performance as an administrator. Allen himself mildly observed that he had been unable to fill vital posts because of White House insistence that political

patronage be a factor in appointments.

Interior Secretary Walter Hickel, whose leaked letter to the President helped make Nixon's isolation in the White House a byword, has been subjected to another kind of discipline. Nixon has decided to create two new bodies—a National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration in the Commerce Department and an independent Environmental Protection Administration—both of which will reduce Hickel's responsibilities in fighting pollution. Nixon called Hickel in to tell him, in effect, that he would not be Washington's Mr. Environment. Hickel's early departure from the Administration would not be surprising. When the Government disclosed last week that it wanted to cancel some federal oil leases in the beleaguered Santa Barbara Channel in order to create a marine-life sanctuary (see *THE ENVIRONMENT*), the word came from the White House, not Interior.

It is uncertain whether the decision about new agencies would have gone dif-

ferently if Hickel had never written his letter. The upshot, however, was that the disturber of the peace got an adverse ruling and, in the Shultz appointment, Nixon chose to go outside the established bureaucracy to get the arrangement he wanted.

While crises dominate the news, Nixon is quietly going ahead with the business at hand at his own pace. Still opposed to attacking *de facto* segregation with devices like mass busing, the Administration is proceeding with desegregation cases in the South. By this fall, it plans to have completed most of the pending cases. Nixon is thinking out a new, comprehensive statement on the economy, one that may signal a shift in his approach. The White House has renewed pressure on the Defense Department to control and even reduce expenses.

Willing to Fiddle. Amid the reorganization announcements last week, the Administration brought out its revised welfare reform program, which the Sen-

The President's (Incremental) Analyst

GEORGE PRATT SHULTZ, 49, named last week by President Nixon to head his powerful new Office of Management and Budget, peers through his spectacles with the donnish calm of a scholar about to address a graduate seminar. He comes by his professorial reserve quite naturally; he took a Ph.D. in industrial economics at M.I.T. and taught there for several years. Later, he served as dean of the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business until Nixon picked him to be Secretary of

Labor. The pedagogic style stays with him. At a National Press Club luncheon in Washington, for example, he began his answer to a question about the economy by observing: "There are three increments in the analysis." He candidly admits an obvious truth: "I am not a phrase maker."

In fact it is precisely Shultz's thoroughness and his disdain for the dramatic that has shot him skyward in the estimation of Richard Nixon, a man who prizes tidiness and detachment. While he is a one-time Democrat and distinctly left of the Nixon Administration's center, he prefers to consider himself "result oriented," an empirical, professional problem solver. When he met the press just after his appointment to the Cabinet in December 1968, he said that he was "a generalist," and added that he hoped the President would seek his advice on matters outside the narrow Labor Department bailiwick. Nixon has done just that.

"The President's problems have taken one hell of a lot of his time," says a Labor Department aide. Shultz won his White House letter last summer during the intramural debate over the Nixon welfare program, which set off some of the sharpest infighting this Administration has seen. Liberals and conservatives differed heatedly over such questions as aid to the working poor and the concept of a guaranteed income. Nixon found the squabbling unseemly. He put John Ehrlichman, the top domestic policy sergeant in his palace guard, in charge of finding a compromise, and told Ehrlichman to enlist George Shultz.

Shultz put together a package that everyone could live with, and from then

on Nixon kept handing him things. One was the chairmanship of a study group on the vastly complicated, politically sensitive problem of regulating oil imports. Shultz protested to Nixon that he knew nothing about it. Nixon, by then completely familiar with Shultz's studious and evenhanded methods, replied: "That is why I want you."

Nixon also made Shultz vice chairman of the Cabinet Committee on School Desegregation; Shultz was one of those who persuaded Nixon to make \$1.5 billion available for aid to desegregating schools in the North and South. He can be tenacious as well as persuasive. When the Administration's "Philadelphia Plan" for integrating workers on federal construction jobs was rejected by U.S. Comptroller General Elmer Staats because it established, in effect, racial quotas for hiring, which are illegal under the 1964 Civil Rights Act, Shultz got a contrary ruling from Attorney General John Mitchell, and that ruling has since been upheld by a U.S. District Court judge.

Whether he is wrestling with oil imports or working out the settlement that Congress enacted in April to avoid a threatened rail strike, Shultz goes about his business in what he calls a "consultative" manner. While he is not an effective public speaker, he talks well at his "seminars," drawing people out, probing motives as well as positions and arguments. If he is not satisfied, he will say: "Well, let's have another meeting on this." Says an associate: "That is the signal for us to go out and come back with something better."

His temper flares rarely. Recently,



SHULTZ PLAYING TENNIS

ate Finance Committee had sent back for improvement. The new version attempted to meet some of the committee's criticism by adding devices to ensure that Government assistance to impoverished families could not become an incentive for some of those families to refuse employment. Also, Nixon said that he would propose next year a new health-insurance program for the poor. Details have yet to be worked out, but the program would initially cover more than 25 million people and could set a precedent for a nationwide health-insurance plan.

The welfare scheme, like the White House reorganization and the personnel shifts, sounds both logical and promising. Nixon is trying to show his critics that he has not been cowed by adversity, that he is able to tinker with the mechanism, that he maintains more control than his adversaries would have it seem. In the end, the approach could succeed. But for now, the big problems remain; the bad year is only half over.

after he ended an unsatisfactory meeting with a contractors' group over black employment, the contractors stayed in the conference room arguing loudly after Shultz had left. He charged back in and brusquely ordered them out.

Normally the Shultz style is placid. While he works a full day that ordinarily starts at 8 a.m., he manages to find time for his family: his wife is a former Army nurse, and they have five children. He occasionally unwinds at tennis or golf.

Not everything about the Nixon Administration enchanting Shultz, but he generally keeps his doubts to himself. He is known to deplore what he considers to be the continuing divisive rhetoric of Vice President Agnew, and he has conceded that Nixon's decision to send U.S. troops into Cambodia alienated large numbers of the young. Nonetheless he defended that decision before students, professors and a meeting of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers last month in Atlantic City. The union men heard him out respectfully, but condemned the Cambodian action.

That sense of discretion is one more quality that has put Shultz high on Nixon's list of favorites. When some Cabinet members complained recently that they had trouble getting through to the President, Shultz said drily that he himself had no difficulty. Shultz has been one of only four Cabinet members—the others are Mitchell, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and Secretary of State William Rogers—whose calls always reach the President immediately. With that head start in Nixon's esteem, Shultz should have no trouble getting his ideas across in the White House. "Give him a year," says one Labor Department aide, "and he'll be running the place."

No Confidence on Cambodia

SHOWMANSHIP and semantics seemed to overtake substance as the lingering argument between President Nixon and a clear majority of U.S. Senators over his decision to send troops into Cambodia went into its fourth week. While Senate sentiment still ran against Nixon, time was on his side as U.S. troops prepared to pull out by the June 30 deadline.

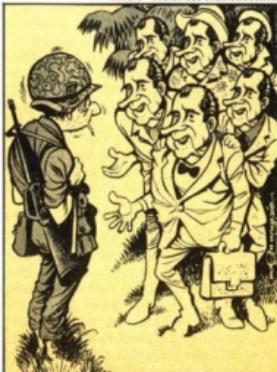
The Administration sent a carefully selected group of hawkish Senators, Congressmen and Governors off on a quickie tour of battlefields and briefings in South Viet Nam and Cambodia. The 13-man mission used seven helicopters to drop in on a muddy mountaintop fire-support base six miles inside Cambodia. They had been preceded by three barbers, who clipped the shaggy locks of G.I.s outfitted in fresh fatigues for the impending visit. Artillery pieces were moved to drier ground, a pathway and railing were constructed to facilitate inspection of an enemy arms cache and enclosures were erected around open-air latrines to provide VIP privacy. The visitors were treated to a spectacular aerial bombardment of a nearby hillside, although no one claimed that there were enemy troops on it. A colonel called the attack "reconnaissance by fire."

Glowing Words. After four days in Indochina, the group headed home—with a rest stop in Honolulu—while Presidential Counsellor Bryce Harlow wrote a glowing report of the success of the Cambodia invasion. His words were toned down before the team presented the report personally to the President. It called the Cambodia operation a certain short-term military success that helped ensure that U.S. troops would be withdrawn from South Viet Nam on schedule, or possibly even faster. The only dissenter was New Hampshire Senator Thomas J. McIntyre, a Democrat, who said that the action had "widened the war" and might prolong rather than curtail U.S. involvement.

The favorable report failed to have its intended effect on the Senate debate over whether the President could use federal funds to finance future U.S. troop movements in Cambodia or to support foreign teams in defending the present Cambodia government against the Communists. The first critical vote on such restrictions, embodied in the Cooper-Church amendment to a military funding bill, came on a pro-Nixon move by West Virginia's Democratic Senator Robert Byrd. He offered a proviso that would remove any restrictions against a future move into Cambodia if the President considered it necessary for the protection of U.S. troops in South Viet Nam. Since that was the Administration's public rationale for the initial Cambodian venture, Byrd's change would have effectively nullified the Cooper-Church proposal.

The White House then backed the

HAYNE—LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL



"HAI! WE'RE THE NONPARTISAN DELEGATION SENT BY THE PRESIDENT TO INVESTIGATE THIS GLORIOUS, HOLY WAR HERE IN CAMBODIA!"

Byrd amendment, and the issue became in effect a vote of confidence in the President on Cambodia. As Idaho's dovish Senator Frank Church put it: "We stand up now, or we roll over and play dead." Republicans who had been engaging in a muted filibuster to block any substantive vote detected growing support for the President and permitted a vote. But on the roll call, the Administration lost some Republicans it had hoped to land, including William Saxbe of Ohio and Oregon's Robert Packwood. When the Byrd amendment was declared lost, 52 to 47, some spectators cheered.

The debate will continue as Republicans offer other amendments that might ease the restrictions on the President or at least delay a final vote until the issue seems academic. Much of the intensity already is going out of the argument as the public temper cools. If the Senate does pass the Cooper-Church language, the House is not expected to go along, and even if it did, the President would surely veto the bill. Yet the issue is not meaningless. What is really at stake is a highly political proposition: whether the Senate will in effect censure the President for taking military action in Cambodia without its consent. Nor is congressional impatience with the Administration's explanations of its war policy limited to the Senate doves. The House voted overwhelmingly (223-101) last week to send its own twelve-man fact-finding team to "study all aspects of U.S. military involvement in Southeast Asia" and to report back within 45 days. Explained Mississippi Democrat Gillespie V. Montgomery, who proposed the House mission: "We're tearing ourselves apart over this business. Let's find out for ourselves what is happening over there."

Police: Tales of Three Cities

Policemen do society's dirty and dangerous jobs for modest remuneration and less gratitude. In this troubled time particularly, they are trapped in a crossfire of contending factions, vulnerable to criticism for being too harsh or too easy. They have also become the targets of physical attack, and behind their badges they fear and bleed as anyone else would. The difference is that for them there is no escape from combat. Last week, New York City's police headquarters was bombed. Though only 13 people were hurt, none seriously, the incident could easily have been a major tragedy. Yet police reaction is not always rational, either. Under pressure, law enforcement sometimes takes dubious forms, and order is fractured by those assigned to keep it, as the following three stories of events in New York, California and Chicago demonstrate.

New York: Tommy the Traveler

A year ago, a handsome, tense, slender youth known only as "Tommy the Traveler" appeared at Hobart College in Geneva, N.Y., and began to preach revolution to anyone who would listen. He claimed to be an S.D.S. organizer, and his principal converts were two freshmen, would-be revolutionaries who were fascinated by his violent rhetoric. To them he taught the uses of the M1 carbine and demonstrated the construction of various types of fire bombs.

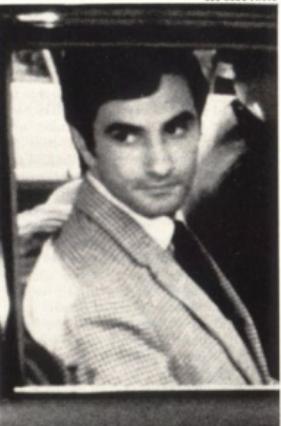
Last month his efforts seemed to have come to fruition when two of the students were arrested for allegedly fire-bombing the campus ROTC office, located in a dormitory where 120 students were sleeping. The fire was put out without any injuries. That was fortunate because Tommy the Traveler, the zealous revolutionary, was in fact an undercover policeman.

Harassment. After the ROTC fire, Tommy came under increasing pressure from his immediate employer, the Ontario County sheriff's office, to "produce some results" on campus. His answer was to lead an on-campus marijuana bust on June 5 in a sheriff's car, carrying a side arm and accompanied by a sheriff's deputy, several Geneva city policemen and, waiting off campus, two dozen riot police. The raid blew Tommy's cover, and when it was over, he retired to his Geneva apartment, presumably to prepare for his next undercover assignment.

The incident probably would have ended there had not angered students seized on the fact that the month before, Tommy had struck Hobart's assistant dean of students, Ted Theismeyer, and threatened a student's life. Soon after a John Doe complaint charging him with harassment was filed. Why, the students now demanded, had the complaint never been served? In an interview broadcast last week on Walter Cronkite's CBS *Evening News*, Ontario County Sheriff Ray Morrow replied: because he was only doing the job he was hired to do. Morrow defended Tommy's actions as necessary to build up his credibility to radical students. As for instructing students on how to build bombs, then urging them to use them, said Morrow, "There's a lot of difference between showing how to build

a bomb and building one." What that difference was, he never made clear, although the former, he indicated, was perfectly proper behavior for a police agent attempting to infiltrate student radicals. He did, however, finally have

CBS NEWS PHOTO



TOMMY IN CAR
The revolutionary was a cop.

Tommy delivered to court, where he was charged with harassment and released on \$25 bail.

By this time, word of Tommy's activities had spread to neighboring universities, and tales of similar exploits began to filter back to Hobart. Tommy the Traveler, it seemed, had been a familiar figure among radicals in upstate New York colleges since 1967.

His presence had been rumored at Cornell, Syracuse University, the State University of New York at Buffalo, Alfred University and Keuka College, and most recently, Hobart. He invariably identified himself as an S.D.S. organizer, and wherever he went, violence seemed to follow. He was also said to have been at the head of the assault force that marched on the South Vietnamese embassy during last fall's demonstrations in Washington. His true identity was uncertain. The harassment complaint listed him either as Thomas M.L.S. Ton-

gyai or Singkata P. Tongyai, 26, of Warrington, Pa.

If Tommy the Traveler was indeed so well traveled, the question arises whether he was an employee of the Ontario County sheriff's office the entire time. TIME Correspondent Frank McCulloch spoke with Sheriff Morrow in an effort to find out.

Q. How long has Tommy worked for you?

A. Two and one-half months.

Q. Where did he come to you from?

A. I can't say that. But he did come highly recommended.

Q. Can you tell us by whom?

A. No, I really can't.

Q. Was it another law-enforcement agency? Was Tommy actually a police officer for the last two or three years?

A. I can't tell you because I promised those people—the ones who sent him to me—I would never tell who they were or anything else about it.

Thus the question remains: Who sent Tommy to Sheriff Morrow? The FBI? Some other national or state law-enforcement agency concerned with radicals? Whoever were Tommy's employers, the incident will reinforce a belief already widely held among the young that much seemingly radical violence is in fact the work of police agencies out to discredit the radical movement.

The use of undercover agents to infiltrate subversive or otherwise dangerous organizations is not new in the U.S.; it is a defensible practice. But what happens to such agents who actually get involved in illegal activities? Tommy's fire-bomb lessons to young, malleable students seem to represent a serious breach of law-enforcement responsibility. The fire-bombing of the Hobart ROTC building might never have happened had Tommy not instigated it.

California: The Besieged

This February, when radical students from the University of California, Santa Barbara, burned down the Bank of America branch office at Isla Vista, the New Left suffered a significant moral setback. A majority of moderates, on and off campus, condemned the act and the ideology that sparked it as outrageous. In the weeks that followed, most moderates denied that police and public officials were overreacting to the community's small radical faction, despite the accidental police shooting of Student Kevin Moran (TIME, May 4).

Then two weeks ago a grand jury indicted 17 youths in connection with the burning, although some seemed clearly innocent (two of the accused were actually in jail at the time of the incident). When radicals predictably took to the streets to protest the indictment, the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors slapped a 7:30 p.m. curfew on the entire community and called in the Los Angeles County sheriff's riot squad to help enforce it. By this week there had been 667 arrests, many involving faculty and local residents, and

numerous reports of police brutality. As the complaints mounted, the moderates' disgust with the police approached their feelings for the radicals. TIME Correspondent Jon Larsen went to Isla Vista last week and talked with many of its angry residents. His report:

Jeff Stewart, 25, an electronics technician who is leaving home this week to report to the Marines, sums up the attitude of many in Isla Vista: "The only time you ever saw police around here was when they were making busts. But these latest police actions have gotten more people like me mad at the cops. They stopped my wife the other night, made her get out of the car and walk a mile and a half back to our apartment with our eleven-month-old baby.

McKinley, 26, by mistake. He was not allowed to make a phone call and spent the night in jail before he was released. "I suspect there is some police brutality going on," McKinley said afterward. "In jail, I heard complaints from dozens of kids. There have been too many complaints for some not to be true."

Thurmond Clayton, 38, a tool and die maker and staunch Nixon man, was among the many citizens arrested. The first night of the curfew, Clayton was standing outside his front door with a 15-year-old friend of his wife's nephew when they were jumped from behind by two policemen. "I told them I lived a few feet away and that my wife and three-year-old daughter were right behind that door," he said, "but they just wouldn't listen. They told me to shut

shins instead of the head, you've got to figure something is wrong."

The curfew was dropped last Friday, but such was the disgust for both police and radicals following the outbreak that some residents are considering leaving Isla Vista. Patricia Thompson, 25, the mother of two preschoolers, is one of them. "I work at the bank and my husband works in the ROTC office on campus," she said. "We want to move out of Isla Vista. The problem is, the only transfer my husband could get would be to go back to Viet Nam. Right now it looks like a toss-up."

Chicago: Truth and Elrod

During last October's Weatherman rampage, Chicago Assistant Corporation Counsel Richard Elrod was paralyzed from the neck down. Police lost no time arresting his alleged assailant, Brian Flanagan, 22, and charging him with attempted murder. Since then, however, neither the authorities nor Elrod has shown much interest in prosecuting the case. After a grand jury reduced the charge against Flanagan to aggravated battery, the prosecution consented to three continuances. The reason for their reluctance seems political, not judicial. Campaigning in a wheelchair, Elrod is running for sheriff, and the trial can only hurt his campaign.

According to police and newspaper reports at the time, Flanagan attacked Elrod with a pipe, breaking his neck. But according to two witnesses, Elrod's injuries are the result of his own actions, not Flanagan's. Richard Hinchion, 43, an insulating contractor from Munster, Ind., says that Flanagan was running from the police when Elrod, apparently responding to a cry of "Stop that man!" joined the chase. Attempting a football-style block, he bowed Flanagan over, then crashed headfirst into the wall of a restaurant. Michael Rollins, 35, a reporter for Chicago radio station WCFL, confirms Hinchion's story. He was conducting a running interview with Elrod when Elrod broke away to tackle the fleeing Flanagan. Rollins told police what he saw, then told his story to investigators from the office of the state's attorney. He was not asked to tell it to the grand jury.

Acknowledging the accuracy of the witnesses' statements, the prosecution admits that its case against Flanagan is shaky. Still, it has no intention of dropping the charge against the Weatherman. Police claim that Flanagan kicked Elrod after the tackle. The prosecution is prepared to argue that Elrod was only obeying an obscure Illinois law when he responded to the police call to stop Flanagan, and that Flanagan, "knowing Elrod to be a person summoned and directed by a peace officer," committed an aggravated battery simply by colliding with him. But the prosecution would rather not argue the case at all at this time. It hopes instead to continue it, possibly until after the November election.



POLICE HANDCUFF YOUTHS IN ISLA VISTA

And a deputy D.A. by mistake.

I'm not so much in sympathy with the students as I am anti-cop."

Among those most upset are apartment-building managers. Claiming they were in "hot pursuit" of rock- and bottle-throwing students, police broke into apartments throughout the week, sometimes kicking in doors, throwing furniture, and breaking personal property and bones in the process. "I think the police have gotten out of hand," says Jean Harlan, manager of the House of Lords apartment complex, where many students live. "I have respect for the police, but I don't see any point in these unnecessary beatings. They took one boy and kept jabbing him in the throat with a nightstick, asking him, 'Did you throw a rock?'"

Like Trash. The police sweeps were so indiscriminate that one night they arrested Deputy District Attorney Patrick

my mouth or they'd beat my head in. Before this happened, I had a negative attitude toward the students and sympathy for the police. But I just didn't know how bad it was. These cops treat you like trash. I think they have created the whole problem here."

Toss-Up. If some, like Thurmond Clayton, were outraged, many others were radicalized by the police action. Harry Ansleigh, 23, was one of the moderates who protected the bank from student radicals. Last week he was participating in the peaceful sit-in protest of the curfew when the police gassed him and beat him with clubs, opening a head wound that took five stitches to close. "I've always maintained that there were a few pigs and lots of cops," he said. "Now it seems there are more pigs than I thought. When the gentlest cop is the one who beats you on the



TIME STYLING



The Real Polarization Is in America's Heart

The division is not easy to label. It is certainly not between Republicans and Democrats, nor necessarily between conservatives and liberals. It is most nearly between *verkrampt* and *verligte*. Obviously, these terms originate in a totally different context. Obviously, it would be utterly false to present the conflict in America today as a contest between the children of light and the children of darkness. But within every state, within every community—and within many individuals—there is a conflict between impulses: merely to condemn or somehow to understand, merely to shut out change or somehow to move with it.

Therefore the real polarization, the crucial struggle, is not between Middle America and all the rest. It is everywhere, it is within Middle America—it is within America's own heart.

In earlier times of crisis, there always were certain very American talismans to which one could turn for reassurance. Now the magic does not seem to work any more. One source of comfort used to

TIME'S Managing Editor, Henry Grunwald, recently completed a three-week tour of the U.S. His impressions:

As one moves through today's America, a set of terms from South Africa comes to mind: *verkrampt*, meaning literally "the cramped ones," or "the closed-minded," and *verligte*, literally "the enlightened ones," or "the open-minded." Perhaps those terms define the most significant division in our deeply divided country.

One is tempted to speak, in Disraeli's phrase, of two nations—"two nations between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones or inhabitants of different planets." Perhaps that picture, originally drawn of 19th century England, is too extreme, too simple, too alarmist. But if we are not yet two nations, surely we are in the grip of two realities.

In one view of reality, America is under attack from junior barbarians devoid of all respect and patriotism, spoiled by permissive parents and spineless college administrators, misguided by essentially subversive professors and other intellectuals; under attack also from blacks ungrateful for the favors done them and unwilling to work hard enough when crime is so much easier and more tempting. In the other view, America is ruled by a hypocritical Establishment that prates of virtues it does not practice, instead putting profit above all else, fighting an immoral war for material gain and in pursuit of some insane imperialism, and racist to the very marrow of its white bones.

On the one side, law-and-order, honor, country, decency pitted against treason, anarchy, filth, immorality. On the other, freedom, justice, "the people" against entrenched power, blind chauvinism, blood lust and repression. Two visions: two ghastly caricatures: accepted as truths by more and more Americans.

But still far from totally accepted. There are countless gradations between the two visions, and a genuine, tortured desire not to surrender to the extremes. We must urgently recognize that Middle America is a myth if it denotes a single-minded, Agnewite bloc, the home or heartland of the Silent Majority. America is not divided between Middle Americans on one side, and radicals plus their sympathizers on the other. Middle America itself is divided, and perhaps that is hopeful.

be the sheer size of the land; the vastness of America, surprising again and again no matter how often one had glimpsed it from plane or train, always promised that there was enough room for everyone, enough space to dwarf all factions and conflicts. Now the huge stretches seem oddly empty, even useless despite the abundance they produce, and one is all too conscious of the fact that our fate is being decided in the crowded cities. For them, the wide spaces have little meaning except at times by way of mocking the urban claustrophobia.

Another source of comfort used to be the countless signs of American inventiveness and ingenuity, a tradition stretching from colonial tinker to modern technocrat, asserting not only mastery over nature but also a sly, triumphant outwitting of every kind of adversity. It was the frontier spirit mechanized. Despite the triumph of the moon voyages, that spirit now seems suddenly unequal to mundane problems: they are beyond the powers of technological or scientific tinkering.

Perhaps the greatest source of comfort used to be the plain common sense and decency of most Americans, the more or less good-humored willingness to see the other side of a dispute. Possibly that tolerance has always been a bit more illusion than fact. Today, at any rate, you find people everywhere whose common sense is consumed by anger, whose decency is limited to their own kind, whose tolerance is only for those who substantially agree with them, and whose openness to change lasts only as long as change does not seriously unsettle them. There seems to be developing a kind of American tribalism that is not wholly new, but is taking more virulent forms than ever before.

A few scenes:

EL DORADO, KANS. It's pronounced El Do-ray-do, but the symbolic significance of the name is hard to escape. A town of 13,000 people, solid houses, well-kept lawns and quiet streets on which Andy Hardy might be expected to appear at any minute. A town with a junior college of truly distinguished architecture, sitting like a graceful fortress-shrine in the windy Kansas plain. A town with a gleaming computerized newspaper plant to keep up with the outside world. Except that the town doesn't really want to keep up. Says the paper's publisher: "If we had our way, we'd build a fence around this town. We don't want your Mickey Mouse problems. We don't need them." The real "new isolationists" do not want to withdraw from foreign countries: the publisher and his like-minded fellow townsmen are, if anything, interventionists. But they do want to withdraw from New York: Lindsayland and the other big U.S. cities are more alarming now than the jungles of Indochina or the wiles of Europe. The world overseas represents almost an escape from America.

In the country club with its placid hilltop view, a group of El Dorado's most solid citizens reflects the town's bitter confusion about the war. As elsewhere, there is the danger of turning the conflict into a morality play. Honor, freedom, the future of America, say those who echo the President; crime and shame, say the radicals, quoted daily on TV and in the press. Those in the middle who cannot live with either version are increasingly beleaguered. Most people still talk about making a stand against Communism, though they are increasingly unsure whether Viet Nam represents the right place or the right method. Here, as elsewhere, even the fiercest hawks tend to say that getting into the war was a mistake

TROUBLED EL DORADO

in the first place. It is not so much that El Dorado's people support the war as that they are angered by radical attacks on the country, the President, the armed forces. The President, they argue, must know what he is doing. One gets the distinct impression that if he changed his stance—for instance, if he were to call the war a mistake and announce a much faster exit—El Dorado would go along with him. Most people instinctively stand with the President. Richard Nixon himself, apparently a passionless man, provokes a passionless, no-alternative kind of support; but the President of the U.S. remains a strong focus of loyalty and hope. More than a "pause" from crisis, El Dorado rather desperately wants leadership.

One line is heard almost as often as the one about Viet Nam having been a mistake: even the angriest critics of the young concede that "they have a point, they have some valid criticisms." The Methodist minister in the group speaks up for the young, for their idealism, for the need to hear them. So does the Republican state representative. Yet tolerance of radical youth is distinctly a minority position. One civic leader observes: "Well, maybe we do need something of the police state; maybe we do need a little repression." The young radicals, in the words of a woman member of the school board, "are traitors and they should be treated as traitors."

Later that night, some of the local radicals assemble in a rickety frame house by the railroad tracks, amid scented candles and tequila. They do not seem especially traitorous: a dozen people in their 20s, a young minister, some teachers, some Vista and other OEO workers. The stories about trouble in El Dorado spill out: kids busted for selling an underground paper, a teacher dismissed for his unorthodox ways, poor people and blacks (El Dorado has only a few) deprived of their rightful unemployment benefits. The complaints are utterly earnest, sincere, not negligible—but not major, either. One feels that much of the confrontation in this community is still symbolic—repression still more verbal than actual, dissent still token and vague. It is perhaps significant that most of these dissenters have come to El Dorado—in a rather touching desire to help—from other communities. El Dorado has to import its Black. But this does not mean that it fails to be troubled, indeed tortured, by the same fears as the rest of the country, for no fence can keep them out.

KENT STATE. The gently rolling green campus is deserted except for a couple of men with tape measures and sketch pads who are still trying to map the recent shootings. Taylor Hall, which houses the School of Journalism, stands massive and not quite graceful on solid, modern pillars, a temple to the American faith in education as salvation. Barely noticeable signs gradually enter one's field of vision: half a dozen stakes in the ground with white tags to show where bullets struck; a chalked outline of one body, made by the police, already beginning to fade; an angry red cross painted on the ground to mark the place where another student was killed. Not far away stand the deserted women's dormitories. Through the uncurtained, trustingly unprotected windows one sees the scenes of hasty departure. The bunk beds are unmade, pillows and blankets on the floor; irons stand upended between containers of Sea Mist spray starch and Love cosmetics. Snapshots of boyfriends—who could have been among the dead, the wounded, the rioters, the bystanders, or possibly the Guardsmen—are tucked in mirror frames. One of the beds carries the cryptic sign: **WELCOME TO CLOUD 9.**

A little later, in nearby Akron, the handsome wife of a well-known evangelist discusses the events of Kent State. She has just come from the morning service, where her husband preached eloquently on the importance of parental love and guidance in the home. She herself had sung, to a backing of country guitars and choir, a hymn intoning "O what love we have in Jesus." Now, her eyes flashing, she says fiercely: "I would rather see my sons dead, dead in their caskets, than to see them tear down the flag or insult their country like those kids at Kent." Under other circumstances, one might admire such passion, the stuff of Greek tragedy. But now one can only be appalled by the bitter, unforgiving spirit, the flash of hate that has led so many other people to say more or less openly: "It served them right; they had it coming."

Are we really a law-abiding people? A lot of Americans seem to want order, but not law. They regard the law as applying to people who behave themselves in the first place; the notion that the law is for those who break it is unpopular and willfully overlooked. True, the backlash was inevitable, a "little repression" was necessary, given the extraordinary provocations. Still, the frightening fact is that so many people seem ready to use bullets against stones, or clubs against words.

Not all, by any means. In a half-empty union hall, a black shop steward, one of Akron's striking rubber workers, says: "I hear a lot of the guys on the picket line saying that shooting was too good for those kids at Kent. But I tell them, if this strike gets ugly, why that same Guard could be coming after us." Countless others today are leading quiet battles for reason and self-control, and their victories are too often ignored or taken for granted. Among them are innumerable cops who keep their tempers. Among them one could name the Governor of Iowa, Robert Ray, a man who certainly does not condone campus riots but who reacts to them with measured calm. Among them is the mayor of Indianapolis, Richard Lugar, who runs an explosive city coolly and fairly.

Among them also is a leading Republican politician from Cleveland who recalls his days as a Marine and how he was sent to restore order after an integration riot in a Southern town. He tells with lingering pride—and with contempt for panicky amateurs—how he took over that town. "I told my men, 'You turn over every single bullet to me, and any son of a bitch who fires one shot in this place is going to have his ass in a sling and a court-martial to boot.'" The old, tough but evenhanded Western sheriff? One would smile, except that we are only a few weeks and a few miles away from Kent, and that tough, even spirit seems to be just what is needed.

There are sharp differences between the crises involving the war, the young radicals and the blacks. The war is "our" war in the sense that our sons fight in Viet Nam. The young radicals, in considerable numbers, are "ours" too—not just a handful of crazies or paid agitators, but literally or symbolically our own children. The black problem is not "ours" in the same way. America is racist—not in the Nürnberg sense of a deliberate, perverted, master-race philosophy, but in the sense of an instinctive, profound feeling of difference and separateness. More than is the case with the young, blacks are "they." As has often been pointed out, this separateness is stronger in the rest of the country than in the South, where one can at least sense a feeling of common destiny that is lacking in, say, Wichita.

In Wichita and elsewhere in the Midwest, the blacks are at worst a threat, at best "a problem."

CARL IWASAKI



**A Lot of
People
Want Order
But Not Law**



Men of good will break it down into its components—jobs, housing, education, crime. However necessary such a breakdown may be, it has the odd effect of depersonalizing and diffusing “the problem.” Oddly enough, it is among some of the blue-collar people, where sheer, visceral prejudice is strongest, that you get much less of this depersonalized feeling. Here the black “problem” is utterly concrete—fear in the streets, ghetto blacks taking over the classroom, the neighborhoods “going.” Most of these threats are exaggerated, are actually seized on eagerly and elaborated to serve as respectable excuses for prejudice.

Yet at least the fears and the resentment are personal and alive. This could lead to the worst kind of trouble, including urban guerrilla warfare. But it could also lead to some kind of accommodation—not out of a sudden decline in prejudice or a dawning of brotherly love, but out of necessity. There is a limit to how much strife can be endured. Here and there among lower- and middle-class whites, you can already find the glimmerings of a sense of common fate with the blacks: a dim recognition that, like the blacks, they are not in control of events but are at the mercy of more or less remote forces. Unlike more affluent middle-class whites, these people can rarely play the elaborate games of evasion—moving to the suburbs, sending the children to private schools. Their hate and anger are frightening; but perhaps less frightening than the more polite concern, the detachment of the white middle class. For the true racism of America is based not on hate, but on indifference.

It is extraordinary to find how successfully the white middle class can still keep the “black problem” at arm’s length. Partly this is a matter of geography. Symbolic of this separation is East St. Louis, the notorious industrial slum that has been in steady decay for years. It lies within sight of the lovely arch, and yet one crosses the river and enters it with a sense of going to some quarantined area where a dangerous disease is rampant. The place is in the grip of convulsive urban-renewal programs; various plucky black self-help groups, Rube Goldberg structures of federal aid, new housing, new clinics, a maze of Model Cities projects. Some of the buildings may seem a little bedraggled even before people have moved in, slightly reminiscent of those new apartment houses in Moscow that never look new. Still, there is lots of action, lots of hope, lots of whites trying to help. Yet one gets the uneasy feeling not only that too much of all this is based on make-work welfare schemes unrelated to any economic reality, any true change in employment and income patterns, but that it is all happening in an enclave separated from the rest of the community.

This is not to slight the progress that is being made. The crucial problem is a sense of time. Most whites and blacks are operating on different clocks. It is almost as if the ancient clichés about the races had been reversed: the dynamic, impatient white man, who wants everything done instantly, is now begging for patience; the slow, lackadaisical black man, who has no sense of urgency, now demands everything at once. The new cliché is as much a caricature as the old one, but there is a glimpse of truth in it. Even the most extremist blacks know they can’t have everything at once; but even the mildest blacks want faster, more dramatic evidence of change.

In voicing their demands, by the way, the blacks have developed at least three distinct accents or approaches, which have been too little noted. One might be called businesslike militancy; it is brisk, precise, eloquent, well-informed, tough, often demagogic but not unrealistic. The best of the black leaders have it, and at times one cannot help envying the

joy and the certainty that comes with a single-minded struggle, with a clarity of goal. The only other people among whom this quality is readily found are the Israelis. The second accent might be called ritualized rage. It is irritating, infuriating, a deliberate shock tactic that also provides relief and release for those who use it. It can be turned on at will. This does not mean that it is phony, that much of the anger isn’t real; but it is controlled, a game, and not without its dangers. The third accent is true despair—not tough, not raging, but steadily bitter, the result not of hopelessness but of insufficient hope. It is the third accent, of course, that is the most deeply disturbing.

Black militancy continues to enrage whites, but it has also had the effect of reducing white guilt feelings. While guilt is useful as a social goal, the result of this reduction could be a slightly healthier atmosphere. In many communities, the situation seems somewhat closer to an argument or a bargaining session between equals. It is not too fanciful to see blacks turning into a conservative force some day, just as the blue-collar workers have. White Americans should welcome and encourage this. Right now black-white tribalism is frightening, and it may never be dissolved (if only because many people feel it emotionally). But it could be rendered irrelevant in a vastly and increasingly prosperous nation.

Unfortunately, the fear caused by recession works sharply against this prospect. The recession may be only an episode, but it is perhaps also a metaphor for a deeper fear that American growth is not unlimited and that the country may not be capable of paying for all its exigent dreams, of redeeming all its pledges too long deferred.

Another scene:

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, MINNEAPOLIS. A student strike is in progress. In front of the student union, a rock band is playing and a crowd lounges on the grass in a holiday mood. But the atmosphere is even more festive and more exciting inside. For here, the unique heady sense of joint action has taken hold, the camaraderie of the common cause. Tables where coeds sell pamphlets—Marx, Marcuse, Che. Other tables with various buttons and badges of dissent. Posters. Proclamations—demands addressed to the President of the United States, to the Governor of the state, the spelling a trifle erratic. Everywhere, the calls to specific action: organize transport, line up pickets, circulate petitions. It has often been noted that in times of grief or stress, doing concrete things, even small things, brings a sense of relief. So it is here. To a great extent, the purpose of such strikes is action quite divorced from ultimate accomplishment, a desperate desire to shake off a sense of impotence, the need to do something, anything.

In a room near by, a group of strike leaders and other students are gathered to discuss the situation. There is much talk of revolution—the word is repeated endlessly, like an incantation. The students are confused about whether they are using the word as program or merely as prediction, whether revolution must be organized and made to happen (as some insist) or whether it will happen inevitably (as most claim). It is somehow odd that Marxism’s hoary theoretical dilemma about the inevitability of revolution reappears in this young, eager group in Minneapolis. There is some confusion not only about the eschatology of revolution, but also about its very meaning. When pressed, most admit that what they mean by revolution is really radical reform; they are impatient with such distinctions, perhaps because they fail to understand that what seems to be merely a semantic difference has often decided the fate of political movements (and sometimes of nations).

Blacks And Whites Face a Common Fate

East St. Louis

TIME/LAUREN

TIME/LAUREN

As so often with youth, a sense of revelation surrounds some very old, familiar ideas—as if the world and good and evil had just been discovered yesterday. "Human rights, not property rights"—the phrase is a rallying cry, without any apparent realization that the concept would not seem exactly revolutionary to the U.S. Supreme Court.

And yet there is some justice in their sense of discovery. The principles you praise as part of the existing order are too often mere clichés, vitiated by countless exceptions, delays, chicanery, corruption or plain indifference. You may try to tell the students that the regimes that embazon human rights on their banners—from the French Revolution onward—in fact almost invariably result in bloody repression; while the bourgeois, capitalist regimes, for all their mundane emphasis on profit and property, in fact allow people wider freedoms and a greater scope than any other political system. But you know that this argument simply isn't good enough. For the point about these young people is that their approach is not comparative but absolute, not historical but utopian (and as Americans, we dare not use the word utopian as synonymous with "impossible" or "silly"). They don't care whether America is better than other countries; they care only that it is not as good as it should be, as it once promised to be.

They are probably no more ignorant of history than any other generation; if anything, they probably know more. The difference is that they lack a *sense* of history, a respect for it, that they refuse to draw certain lessons from it. They are told, for instance, that in their passionate condemnation of the Viet Nam War, they may well be in the minority among the American people. Are they ready to impose their will on the majority? And don't they know what has happened as a result of such attempts in the past? They refuse to be cowed by this. "What is the majority?" they ask. "How can you speak of majority will when that will is shaped by the Government information machine or by the media? If the majority knew the real facts, they would feel differently." Sophistry? Agnewism? Sure. But containing elements of truth.

Most of these students would argue that if driven far enough, they would favor violence. But by and large, they are against it, not necessarily on principle but because they consider it a self-defeating tactic. It is odd to find, by the way, how grateful one is these days to anyone who announces that he eschews violence. It used to be a minimal attitude, it almost went without saying that one opposed violent methods. Now, on hearing that assurance, we are inclined to rush up to the speaker, shake his hand and embrace him as a brother moderate.

At any rate, some of these young people do have a rather special attitude about violence. There is some talk about "trashing," breaking windows or setting fires. One of them argues quite seriously: "But that isn't really violence. That's only destroying property. Violence is hurting people." For "hurting people," read "the war in Viet Nam." The argument bespeaks a sincerely felt humanism. But surely it also suggests that these sons of affluence have little regard for material property, little understanding that for many people its acquisition and preservation represent a very human right indeed.

The radical youth care nothing about the recession that worries their elders. They have a deep revulsion from capitalism, though they seem to understand little about its true nature—and above all, about the true nature of the alternatives to capitalism. And yet one wonders with a pang: Do they know something we don't know? Have they got hold of an insight that we have not yet quite faced ourselves—that acquisitive, Faustian man may be dy-

ing? The notion is not limited to youth. Isn't one extraordinary, still-echoing piece of evidence the fact that even a Republican President in a State of the Union speech cast doubt on the gospel of growth?

How to cope with these students in Minneapolis or with other dissenters and radicals? One imperative is to make distinctions between them, to recognize that—like the Middle Americans—they are not a single-minded bloc, that they include *verkrampfte* and *verligte* in their ranks. But the most important thing of all is to be responsive without letting the radicals dictate the terms of discussion. Many of them ask for unreasonable and impossible things. It is utterly wrong to conclude from this, as many people do, that therefore it is useless to do reasonable and possible things. But we will have to stretch our definition of what is reasonable and possible. When reform of U.S. institutions is mentioned, most Americans still think of a few cosmetic and very gradual changes. The radicals force us to think about more than that: not instant utopia, but a convincing commitment to reform and convincing proof that things are moving. Yes, radicals must be told that violence is wrong, that the rights of others must be protected, that the left can be as fascist as the right. Of course. But to say all these things, while necessary, is not sufficient.

The job of building America has only just begun—or so one feels, traveling across a country that still conveys a haunting sense of tentativeness. Other nations, in Europe and Asia, are. Even in times of extreme crisis, a Frenchman cannot imagine Europe or the world existing without France. Perhaps an American cannot quite imagine the world existing without the U.S. either. But he knows that only a short time ago the U.S. was not there; he knows, vaguely perhaps, that the U.S. is as much an idea as it is a country, an experiment unique in history. That is why the U.S. has this constant passion for examining itself, to judge itself and be judged. "How are we doing?" is the big American question—not how is the economy doing, or the President, or the parties, or education, or traffic—but the whole thing, the whole enterprise. It is for this reason that we tend to be manic-depressive in our view of ourselves: one moment the greatest, strongest country on earth, the hope of the world; the next moment on the brink of decay and disaster. That is why American patriotism can be so strident, so naive, so defensive. The fiercest insistence that this is God's country, the most devout treatment of the flag as an icon, suggest an inner doubt, a sense of impermanence and vulnerability. The trouble is not excessive nationalism but, on the contrary, inadequate nationalism—if we define the term not as aggressive superiority but a sure sense of self.

Yet the view of America as an experiment remains a tremendously exciting fact. It sets up an important parallel between conservatives and radicals. The radicals would sneer at the "American Proposition," the belief that the U.S. must live up to a special act of Providence, which was John Courtney Murray's scholarly elaboration of "God's country." And yet this fierce sense of a special American destiny is where Murray—and Henry R. Luce—meet the radicals. Radicals make demands on America that could only be fulfilled by an extraordinary nation, by a nation straining against the limits of history, even of human nature. At their best, they call us beyond the ordinary life of nations, beyond the averages of a little compromise at home and a little conquest abroad, beyond the mediocrities of blood and power, beyond comfort. In short, the radicals—always excepting the most violent fringe—insist that America must be great. That is why, with reason, we must cherish them.



JASON MCNAMEE



University of Minnesota

The Radical Demand Is Greatness



Kent State

THE WORLD

Arab Guerrillas v. Arab Governments

AMONG superstitious Arabs, the young King of Jordan is regarded with particular awe because of his uncanny gift for survival. Small wonder. As a teen-ager, Hussein narrowly escaped the assassin's bullets that cut down his grandfather King Abdullah outside Jerusalem's Al Aqsa mosque. Since mounting the chronically shaky throne in 1953, Hussein, now 34, has repeatedly evaded bullets and bombs.

Last week the King's luck held, but barely. Friction between cocky Pales-

if Jordan's government could not control the guerrillas, Israel would.

Just who started the battle between the swaggering guerrillas and Jordanian soldiers loyal to Hussein is unclear. The guerrillas were members of the ultra-militant Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, which is led by a radical Arab Christian physician named George Habash, an exponent of terror tactics against civilians, including children. In the small town of Zarka, twelve miles north of Amman, quarrels broke out be-

Shopkeepers pulled down their metal shutters and fled for home; Arabs wearing kaffiyehs that looked like the head-dress issued to Jordanian army troops took them off to be safe. Roadblocks suddenly appeared. The army began rounding up guerrillas and brought up artillery to shell the refugee camps.

Melted Ice Cream

The fedayeen responded by invading Amman's elegant Jordan Intercontinental Hotel. There they rounded up 62 foreign guests to be held as hostages until the shelling stopped. The hostages, including the youngest son of former Lebanese President Camille Chamoun as well as 14 Americans, were confined for a time in the hotel basement, where they lived on hamburgers, beer and ice cream. It was not a particularly uncomfortable jail until the beer got warm and the ice cream melted after fedayeen rockets hit Amman's principal power station and electricity failed.

Other guerrilla detachments commanded the less impressive Philadelphia Hotel (known fondly among visiting newsmen as the Filthadelphia) and seized 15 guests as hostages. Guerrillas also mounted two unsuccessful attacks on Amman radio on the edge of the city. "We're shooting at the station," a fedayeen leader explained, "because it is telling the people lies." The guerrillas stole dozens of cars and looted houses. Their fury, many of them said, was directed against Americans to protest what the guerrillas insist is CIA activity against their movement.

U.S. Embassy First Secretary Morris Draper, 42, was seized by guerrillas on his way to a dinner party and held captive for 22 hours. The single American casualty was Major Robert P. Perry, 34, an Arabic-speaking assistant U.S. Army attaché in Amman. Perry was called to his door by guerrillas, who fired right through it, killing him as his wife and eleven-year-old son looked on.

Suicidal Episode

The violent conflict between Arab monarchy and Arab guerrillas brought anxious pleas for Arab unity. Speaking over Amman radio after the station switched to emergency power, Hussein said: "Continued dissension will only expose our country to destruction and annihilation. The events of these days are the most painful period of my life." In a choked voice, he added: "It is a disgrace for us all to use against Arabs arms that are entrusted to us by the blood and the funds of Arabs." Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, who cabled Hussein from Cairo to congratulate him on having escaped injury, appealed



tinian guerrillas in Jordan and army troops loyal to Hussein erupted into three days of bloody warfare. The King's government—and the King as well—nearly became casualties of the battle. Hundreds died, including a U.S. embassy official machine-gunned in front of his own family. In the wake of a frenzy of fedayeen looting and beatings, Westerners were hurriedly airlifted out of Amman; among them were at least 300 Americans. In Beirut, Lebanese officials nervously wondered whether the outburst would have an echo in their capital. And in Tel Aviv, Israeli authorities were ready to move their forces toward Amman if the situation deteriorated. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan warned that Israel "cannot remain indifferent to events in Jordan"; Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev stated bluntly that

twin guerrillas and soldiers of the Saqa (Thunderbolt) Regiment, a unit especially faithful to Hussein. Both sides were armed, and the confrontation quickly expanded into episodes of violence. By the time it ended, nine fedayeen and civilians had been killed, along with 13 soldiers. As hysterical funeral corteges wound through Zarka, the guerrillas' Voice of Asifa radio station in Cairo broadcast the news. When fighting spread to Amman, Hussein hurried to Basman Palace from his summer villa outside the capital. Along the way, the King and two Jeepsloads of royal bodyguards were slowed by a roadblock. Shots rang out, one guard was killed and five were wounded.

By the time Hussein reached his palace, skirmishes between irregulars and regulars had broken out across Amman.

to both sides in the conflict to "ring down the curtain on this suicidal episode and cease this bickering between brothers." But Nasser also paid tribute to the Palestine resistance movement as "the noblest phenomenon that has appeared in the Arab world since the setback of June 1967."

It is doubtful that Hussein would go that far. Since the Six-Day War, the Palestinian guerrilla movement has spread widely and Jordan has been particularly affected by it. It was to Jordan that Palestinian Arabs fled in 1948 when Israel won its war of independence and established a Jewish state; in 1967, tens of thousands more Arabs fled across the Jordan River after Israel occupied the West Bank. Those who could afford to, settled in Jordanian communities; the penniless have been housed in vast refugee camps that are now practically independent city-states and hotbeds of Palestine nationalism. Both groups are ardently Palestinian and pro-fedayeens. Hussein thus finds himself ruling a nation of 2,200,000 people of whom fully two-thirds consider themselves Palestinian rather than Jordanian. Nevertheless, the King has attempted to maintain a moderate attitude toward Israel, and has even met secretly with Israeli officials to explore the possibility of peace.

Jumping-off Point

This has hardly endeared Hussein to the Palestinians. At the same time, the fedayeen have made things difficult for him by using Jordan as a jumping-off point for raids across the border. Before the latest confrontation, Hussein twice attempted show-downs with the guerrillas. Both times he lost.

Last week made it three defeats in a row. Yasser Arafat, who heads the Al-Fatah guerrillas and last week was named commander in chief of the twelve major guerrilla organizations, flew into Amman from Cairo to arrange a truce. In an all-night session at the palace, he and Hussein hammered out a ten-point pact, mostly favorable to the fedayeen.

In a major concession, the King agreed to accept the "resignation" of his uncle, Major General Sherif Nasser Ben Jamil, as commander in chief of Jordan's army. The fedayeen and many other Jordanians despise the obese Sherif Nasser, who became rich enough from smuggling guns and hashish to build a \$900,000 palace for himself and his young second wife. Mainly, however, the fedayeen feared that Sherif Nasser was using his relationship and access to the King's ear to provoke a showdown with them. They were almost surely right. Sherif Nasser apparently feared that the guerrillas were rapidly growing strong enough to topple Hussein, and he proposed that they be stopped. Together he and Hussein started visiting army camps two months ago to reinforce loyalty to the King and to Jordan. On a visit to the Saqa regiment, the King presented each soldier with a bonus of \$140.

Fedayeen leaders also insisted that Hussein order the resignation of his cousin, Brigadier General Sherif Zeid Ben Shakher, an anti-fedayeen royalist whose 3rd Armored Division guards Amman. Hussein yielded, but warned that this was the last time he would comply with fedayeen demands. Announcing that he was personally taking over as commander in chief of the armed forces, he vowed: "This is the last chance. There will be no other."

The guerrillas seemed unimpressed. For their part, they did little more than promise to stop shooting. "Ruling Jordan is not our ambition," said Arafat. "But we will never give up Jordan as a base of operations." He added: "We

and this has conditioned the way we think and act. We believe we have the right to do anything to serve our cause." Breaking into a grin, Habash concluded: "I hope you were treated well. Our men have no experience in running a hotel."

Ideological Split

At week's end, convoys bearing the symbol of the International Red Cross escorted foreigners to the Amman airport to be flown to Beirut and Athens aboard airliners sent by the U.S. and West German governments. Relief workers added up the casualties in three days of civil war. The Red Crescent (the Arab Red Cross) estimated 200 dead and 500 wounded. "There was so much shooting," said one medical worker, "that we couldn't even bury the dead." About 50 wounded were treated in hospitals in Damascus, where they were taken by ambulance when Jordanian hospitals became overcrowded.

Hussein still held his throne, but it seemed less secure than ever. And he was not the only one to suffer. The disturbances pointed up a serious ideological split between Habash's extreme leftist outfit and Arafat's bigger, more moderate Fatah. To make matters worse, the twelve biggest fedayeen groups range from Maoist to moderate in their political views; unless they can achieve something more than paper unity, their quarrels will surely bring more violence to the Middle East. Last week, for example, observers in Amman insisted that they had seen guerrilla groups shooting at one another.

Familiar Refrain

Jordan's troubles also threatened to engulf Lebanon. In Beirut, guerrillas gathered in front of the Jordanian embassy to demonstrate against Hussein. They ultimately became so agitated that they burned down the building. Though directed against Jordan, the demonstration was probably a message to the Lebanese government as well. This week Beirut is scheduled to begin enforcing a tough new decree forbidding guerrillas to fire across the border into Israel, plant mines along the frontier or carry arms in populated areas. Such decrees have been issued before to discipline the fedayeen and avoid Israeli retaliation, but they have always been quickly ignored. This time the Lebanese army, embarrassed by continuing Israeli patrols inside Lebanon, has orders to make the decree stick.

Whether it can do so is doubtful. "There's no question that we could crush the commandos," said a senior Lebanese army officer last week, "but that's not the whole problem. Any move we make against them brings 300,000 Palestinian refugees out of their camps and down on our necks. Most of them are armed, and we cannot cope with them and with the commandos." That was becoming a sadly familiar refrain in the tormented Middle East.



HABASH AT INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL
"We have the right to do anything."

want Amman to become the Hanoi of the Arabs, but we do not want it to become another Saigon."

After Arafat and the King reached their agreement, the battle flared up again, then finally faded. At the Jordan Intercontinental, sleepy hostages were roused from bed and assembled to meet P.F.L.P. Leader Habash. "We believe that we had the right to use you and your lives to put pressure on the Jordanian government and on the Americans," he told them. "I must be frank and tell you that we were near to executing our plan. We were determined to blow up the hotels. You must try to understand why we did it. For 23 years, we have been living in tents and huts,

Israel and Its Enemies

*Against the unknown and against the
foe our borders will spread—
From sea to sea and mountain to
mountain.*

ARIEL ("ARIK") SHARON, the paratroop general who heads the southern command of Israel's defense forces, is so fond of the Hebrew couplet that he has hung it over the entrance of his Beersheba headquarters. But the exuberant confidence that once made it so fitting has disappeared in Israel. A note of doubt is creeping in. From Mount Hermon down to the Red Sea, Israel dispatched her Arab foes with relative ease in three wars. But now there is a new unknown to cope with in the form of Russia's dramatically increased presence in the Middle East, and it is an ominous one. Said one Israeli last week: "We are knocking out every Egyptian gun we can find, probably hundreds in recent months. But no sooner do we destroy them than two days later the Russians replace them. It's like a science-fiction plot—a war against an endless army of ants."

The Soviet presence, to Israel's alarm, has vastly revived the Arabs' enthusiasm for battle. From Israel's point of view, the fighting between Arab fedayeen and Arab soldiers in Jordan last week was only one scene, and not necessarily an encouraging one, in a far broader theater. Even while gunfire blazed in Amman, other guerrillas raided Israel along the Jordanian border. Israeli troops patrolled inside Lebanon to con-

tain guerrilla activity there, but the fedayeen nevertheless managed to loft Soviet-made Katyusha rockets into the frontier town of Kiryat Shemona. Syrian artillerymen firing Russian guns shelled a border defense settlement called Nahal Gishor, killing a girl soldier. Suez rocked with the sound and fury of the heaviest fighting of all.

Last Resort

If Moscow's infusion of men and missiles has not yet altered the region's strategic balance, it certainly has stirred misgivings, not only in Israel but also in the U.S. It has, moreover, pushed President Nixon closer to a decision that is certain to hurt Washington in every Arab capital and to complicate U.S.-Soviet relations.

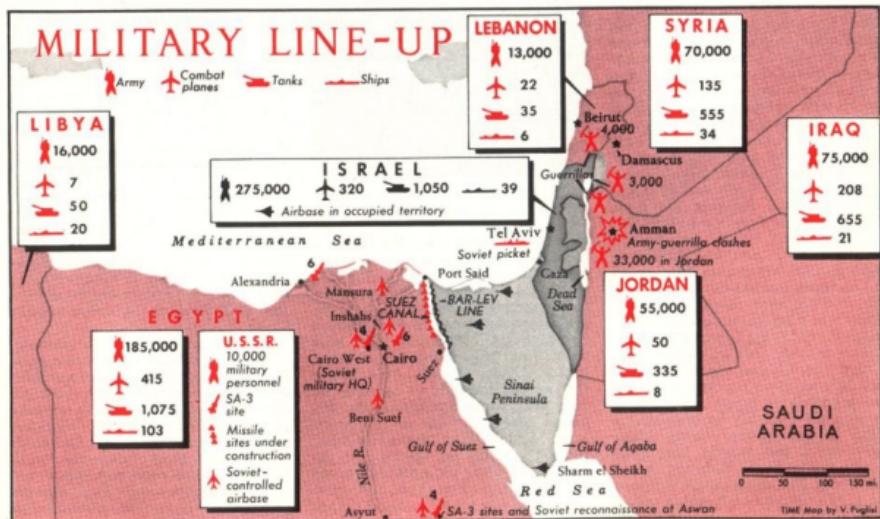
The turmoil in Jordan last week overshadowed and probably delayed the decision, but did not reverse it. Some time in the near future the Nixon Administration will inform the Israelis that they can have more U.S. planes. Not as many as they want—Premier Golda Meir has requested 25 U.S.-built Phantom jets and 100 Skyhawks—but some. There will be strings. The U.S. will probably continue to refuse to replace planes lost in actions against Lebanon or Jordan. It will also urge Israel to drop its demand for direct, unconditional talks with the Arabs and to indicate a readiness to part with at least some of the territory acquired during the Six-Day War. Even so, Arab reaction to the decision is bound to be severe. Libya is ex-

pected to sever diplomatic relations with the U.S. and may also crack down on U.S. oil companies operating there. Hostile demonstrations are certain to be staged against U.S. embassies, not to mention American diplomats, businessmen and possibly even tourists.

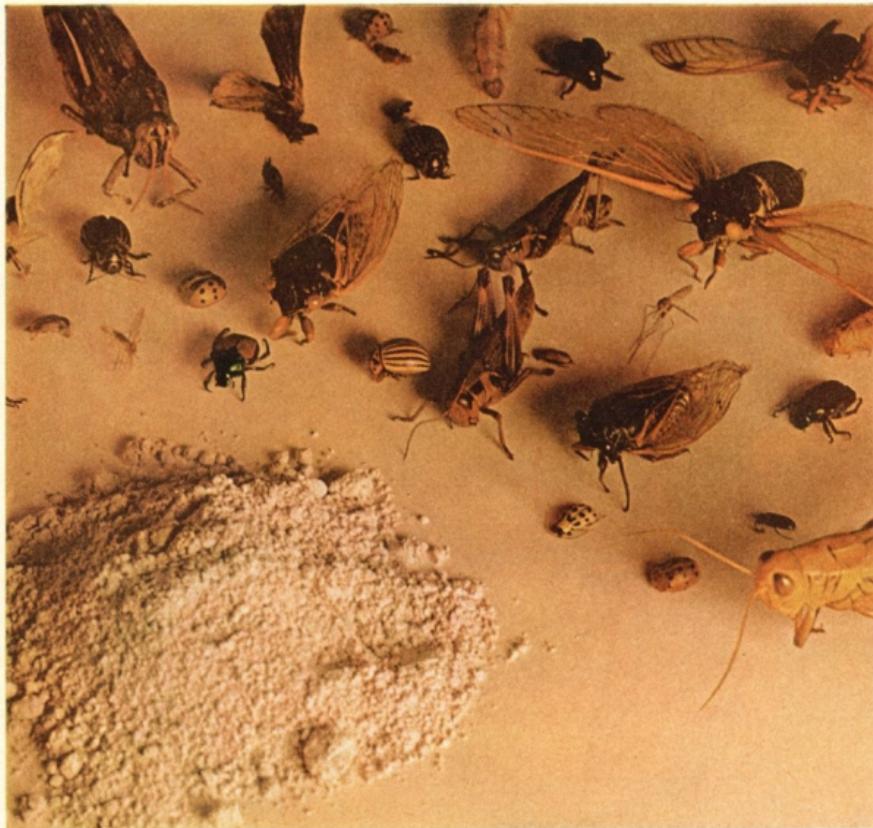
Despite these dangers, Washington is aware that the U.S. is Israel's last resort, and an outright rejection could be dangerous. Rather than be outgunned and outmaneuvered eventually, Israel might carry out a pre-emptive strike that could draw Russians and perhaps Americans, too, into a Middle East war. Some observers also note that Israel, with a nuclear reactor in the Negev as a source of enriched plutonium, could build a nuclear weapon in a matter of months. Though the Israelis have vowed that they would not be the first to introduce nukes into the Middle East, would they stick to that resolve if the U.S. failed them?

Secretary of State William Rogers explained last week why the U.S. will be giving more planes to Israel, while at the same time pressing both Israelis and Arabs to grant major concessions in order to make negotiations possible. The U.S. "is not pro-Israeli and not pro-Arab but pro-peace," he said. But the Secretary added on CBS' *Face the Nation*: "It is in our best interest that Israel survive as a nation."

Is Israel's survival indeed threatened? Not imminently, to be sure. Yet the Israelis cite some frightening figures detailing the extent of Moscow's involve-



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The first year he feeds on a tree, he strips

it bare. If he goes for seconds, the tree will likely die.

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of our jet engine running at full take-
off power.*

*Where's the smoke? There isn't
any. There's no smoke at all.*

*The engine in the picture is on a
test stand. But later this year, engines
just like it will be on the McDonnell
Douglas DC-10.*

*When you see the DC-10 take to
the air, you'll see no black mark
against the sky. (Of course, there's
more to jet exhaust than smoke. Our
goal is to make jets run almost totally
clean.)*

*Jet noise is a different problem.
But we—and the Federal Government
—are tackling this one, too. The
National Aeronautics and Space Ad-*

*ministration has called on General
Electric to help solve the problem for
the aviation industry.*

*We have already succeeded in
making the DC-10 engine quieter
than the engines now powering most
of today's jet planes. Yet this General
Electric engine is nearly three times
as powerful!*

*Smoke . . . noise . . . pollution of
all kinds are very much in the news
these days. A lot of work is being
done to find solutions. But it will take
the combined efforts of business, in-
dividuals and the government to
come up with the answers. The
people at General Electric believe
their progress with jet engines is one
step to help clear the air.*

*Men
helping
Man*

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

ment, which has already cost the Kremlin close to \$3 billion and is growing more expensive by the day. They claim that Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Iraq, the so-called "front-line" Arab countries, now possess 3,750 tanks, mostly Soviet T-54s and T-55s; some 4,000 big guns, ranging up to 122-mm. cannon and 160-mm. mortars; and 1,230 planes, mostly MiG fighters but also Sukhoi and Tupolev bombers. Israeli estimates of Soviet equipment in the Middle East have sometimes been off by 25% and other sources give considerably lower figures. In any case, what alarms the Israelis even more than these statistics is Russia's recent dispatch to Egypt of advanced MiGs, SA-3 antiaircraft missiles and thousands of Russians to man them.

Since a near encounter between Russian and Israeli jets in April, the opposing forces have established a kind of invisible line of demarcation extending into Egypt roughly 25 miles west of the Suez Canal. The Russians venture no farther east than the line and the Israelis—on combat missions—no farther west. Thus, Israel's air force, its "flying artillery," ranged unopposed over Egyptian gun sites on the west bank last week. The Egyptian cannon had been booming away at the sand, concrete and steel fortresses on the east bank that form the Bar-Lev Line (see box, page 30). In one ten-day period, the Israeli air force is estimated to have dropped more bombs than did all combatants during the entire 1967 war. Israelis refer to it as the "war against the war of attrition."

Orange-Juice Air Force

Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan has promised that any Russian pilot who crosses the demarcation line will have company. Dayan has ordered Israeli pilots, the world's most seasoned, to shoot down any plane that appears there. Since 1967, Israel has downed 101 Egyptian planes and 23 Syrian at the loss of only 20. The kill rate in dogfights is about 20 to 1. Even U.S. pilots in Viet Nam have not taken part in as many dogfights.

The Israeli air force of 320 combat planes is a formidable fighting unit. The average age of combat pilots is 24, and the majority of them were raised in the tough life of the kibbutz. To fly they must join the air force for five years rather than the three-year tour that other officers serve. Pilots carry out as many as five missions a day. "They're flying the eyeballs off these guys," comments a Western military attaché. Some of the combat is at such close quarters, says one pilot, that "often our planes come back black and scorched from the explosion of planes they hit."

The air force is the object of the sort of adulation that was last seen 30 years ago this summer, when Winston Churchill's R.A.F. "few" fought off the Nazis in the Battle of Britain. In the Israelis' case, the few are chosen with painstaking

care. Air Force Commander Mordechai Hod, 44, once said that if he picked 300 youths at random from a Tel Aviv street, no more than one would qualify for pilot training. Those who make it are rarely the hard-drinking, fast-living flyboys of fiction. TIME Correspondent John Shaw, visiting one base, described them as members of "an orange-juice air force that seldom drinks except when occasions like a promotion, new baby or visiting dignitary call for everyone to knock back a Scotch." Pilots are rarely publicized, even though a ranking ace has now shot down eleven Arab planes. The reason for anonymity is not so much to prevent any personality cult as it is to keep the Arabs from learning who the aces are. During the '67 war five Israeli pilots were killed by Arabs after bailing out of crippled planes over enemy territory; recently another

the same time, Israel hopes to purchase four times as many Skyhawks, a far slower (675 m.p.h.) but also far cheaper plane (\$4,000,000 for the Phantom; \$1,200,000 for the Skyhawk). Israeli pilots call the Skyhawk the best all-round tactical bomber in the world. Originally developed for the U.S. Navy, the Skyhawk carries only half as much armament as the Phantom. But it is highly maneuverable, takes hard punishment and offers a small target. Skyhawks also require about six hours of maintenance for every hour of combat; the intricate Phantom requires about five times as much. Moreover, Israeli ground crews have learned to refuel and rearm a Skyhawk in about six minutes—half the time a U.S. Navy crew requires.

The air force does not actually need 125 U.S.-built planes at this time, and indeed the Israeli government would be

ISRAEL SUN



BAR-LEV, DAYAN & HOD WATCHING AERIAL DISPLAY

Fighting the war against the war.

pilot crashed trying to ride his disabled ship back toward Israel rather than risk parachuting over Syria.

Israel's air force started out 22 years ago with British Hurricanes and Spitfires, plus some German Messerschmitts provided by the Czechs, then moved on to French Mystères, Vautours, Magisters and Ouragans, some of which are still in service after 15 years. Now French-built Mirages fly cover for the Phantoms and Skyhawks. The Phantom, operational so far only in the U.S., Britain and Iran, in addition to Israel, is a heavy-duty workhorse that reaches 1,600 m.p.h., carries 17,000 lbs. of armament, fires its electric machine guns at the rate of 100 rounds per second, can swoop to 100 feet to drop bombs, and can range far across the Middle East from Israeli bases. The Israeli government, with 40 Phantoms in service and ten more soon to come under a 1968 agreement, would like another 25. At

hard pressed to make the \$220 million payment. But there is a nagging worry that sentiment might shift against Israel in the U.S., as has happened in many parts of the world; in that event the country would be left without a supplier. Thus Israel wants the planes now, while it can still get them. At the same time, the sale, which has the support of sizable groups in both the House and Senate, is regarded in Israel as a kind of litmus test of U.S. intentions.

The Longest Odds

Few would deny that Israel's air force is the best in the Middle East. Arab air forces were largely decimated during the Six-Day War and are still being rebuilt by Russia with new MiGs and Sukhois. Qualified pilots are more difficult to come by. Egypt has 415 planes, but it has also lost perhaps a quarter of its pilots; the ratio of planes to pilots presently seems to be about 4 to 1. As a

result, Egyptian flyers have been offering far fewer challenges since last September, sometimes bailing out after only minor damage to their planes.

The Israelis have the edge in pilot skill, plane performance and radar- and radio-control systems. That has bred in them a measure of cockiness and that hard-to-define quality known as chutzpa, or sheer gall. Colonel Uri Yarom, an Israeli helicopter pilot, once gave a classic demonstration of chutzpa when he was dispatched to evacuate an injured sailor from an Israeli freighter in the Mediterranean. Yarom's gam ran low before he could find the freighter; noticing that U.S. helicopters were landing aboard the 40,000-ton Sixth Fleet carrier *Wasp*, Yarom followed them onto the deck. He was immediately summoned to the bridge, where a U.S. officer demanded, "Who are you?" "An

of 2,800,000 v. 51 million Arabs, Israel can mobilize an army of 275,000 against Arab armies of 398,000 men. The Israelis depend on air superiority and wits to protect themselves. One reason that Israeli soldiers have hunkered down for so long on the Bar-Lev Line under barely tolerable siege conditions is that their string of hedgehog forts and minefields serve as a kind of trip wire. The line, using relatively few men, is designed to delay any kind of major Egyptian cross-canal attack until troops stationed in the desert behind them can come up to help.

Day-to-Day Danger

For a mobile army whose motto has always been "Attack," the static warfare of the Bar-Lev Line is an often demoralizing experience. So is the war of attrition that Israel is being forced to

DAVID RUBINGER



ISRAELI FIGHTER PILOTS RELAXING BETWEEN COMBAT MISSIONS
Flying their eyeballs off.

Israeli flyer," replied Yarom. Furious, the American shouted: "How dare you land on one of our carriers?" "Excuse me," said Yarom, a twinkle in his eyes, "From above it looked like one of ours."

Yarom knew full well that the largest ship in the Israeli navy could have fitted comfortably on the *Wasp*'s flight deck. The Israeli navy includes one frigate, one destroyer, four submarines and twelve missile boats. Five of the missile boats were spirited away from a Cherbourg dock last Christmas in an escape that caused international excitement. Egypt, by comparison, has five destroyers, twelve submarines and 20 missile boats divided between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. A sixth destroyer was sunk by Israeli planes in retaliation for an Egyptian attack on an Israeli fishing boat.

It is on the ground that the odds are longest against the Israelis—at least in terms of numbers. With a population

fight on all its borders. Casualties have been heavy. In May, 61 soldiers and civilians were killed, the heaviest one-month toll since the 1967 war; on the basis of population, this is the equivalent of losing 4,300 U.S. troops in one month in Viet Nam. During the six days of the '67 war, 777 soldiers and 26 Israeli civilians were killed. Since the war, 558 soldiers and 112 civilians have died, and the nation is feeling uneasy. "Before the Six-Day War," says Bar-Lev, "there was general danger but day-to-day security. Today we have general security but day-to-day danger."

Israel's overworked generals are often worn out at 50. Though Bar-Lev at 46 is completely gray, he routinely works 14-hour days in his Tel Aviv office. He is expected to win an extension of his three-year tour of duty as the chief when it ends next December. Born in Austria and raised in Yugoslavia, he entered Palestine in 1939 at 15. He served in the

Jewish underground before independence, as an infantry battalion commander in the Negev in 1948 and as commander of a tank brigade in 1956. Between wars, Bar-Lev, who still proudly wears the black beret of a tank soldier, developed blitzkrieg tactics. Using his "charging armor" concept, Israeli tanks in 1967 dashed past several Egyptian fortifications in Sinai, struck first at the stunned third- or fourth-line defenses, then swung back to mop up the first and second lines. Israeli tanks reached the Suez Canal in less than 48 hours.

Israel's top officer is anything but a martinet. He invariably holds doors open for women soldiers, a rarity in egalitarian Israel, and speaks so slowly that one fast-talking general facetiously suggested he be allowed to make reports in the painful pauses between Bar-Lev's words. His interests are broad. Bar-Lev and Wife Tamar recently dined with three close friends and their wives—Liberal Israeli Columnist Amos Kennan, Poet Chaim Hefer and Painter Inche Mambush. It was the equivalent, joked an Israeli who knows them all, of General William Westmoreland's dining with Linguist Noam Chomsky, Novelist Norman Mailer and Painter Andy Warhol.

No Surrender

On duty, Bar-Lev is intently military. He spends two or three days a week in the field. One day last week, puffing at his inevitable Cuban cigar (he smokes 15 a day), he hopped into a light plane, piloted himself to Sinai and was lifted by helicopter to an oasis where Israeli troops had assembled for a raid into Egypt. Bar-Lev pep-talked them, then helicopteried on to the Bar-Lev Line. "I don't like that name," the former tank commander says of the line, "but it seems I'm stuck with it."

Bar-Lev has no intention of surrendering the Bar-Lev Line at the moment, or any other territory captured during the 1967 war. "We intend to hold our positions along the canal until the Arab countries are ready to discuss a settlement," he said last week in an interview with TIME's John Shaw and Martin Levin. "We intend to hold every part of our present borders until we find a suitable political solution. We now have borders that give us tremendous strategic advantages we didn't have before." Other observations:

RUSSIAN INVOLVEMENT: "I think the Russian involvement could not be avoided. Nasser realized that with his own forces only he was unable to continue with this policy of a war of attrition. He had three alternatives. He could come to terms with us. He could restore the cease-fire. He chose the third—to ask the Russians for more help. Now Russian involvement has become an issue for the Western world."

RUSSIAN INTENTIONS: "They can continue what they are doing in Egypt or even withdraw a little. They can come closer to the canal. The third possibility is that they cross the canal. The factor

Life on the Bar-Lev Line

"Seventeen, this is five. Need your report immediately. Over."

"Seventeen here. Busy now. Will send it later. Over."

"This is five. Send immediately. Over."

"Roger, Will do. Over."

"Only let there be peace."

THAT exchange between an Israeli headquarters in the Sinai and a fortress commander on the Suez Canal occurred during a thunderous Egyptian barrage early this year. The sign-off stuck, and radio calls to and from outposts on the canal now normally end with the words "Only let there be peace."

In the 100-mile string of underground forts and minefields known as the Bar-Lev Line, after Israel's chief of staff, peace seems remote. Running opposite Port Said in the north to a point opposite the city of Suez in the south, the line was finished only days before Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser renounced the cease-fire and launched his "war of attrition" in March 1969. Lieut. General Haim Bar-Lev devised the Suez defense system as both a shield and a springboard. "Its day-to-day mission is to prevent a serious breaching of the canal," he said last week. "But the system can easily be turned into a jumping-off point." So far, however, only small commando raids have been launched. Heavily outnumbered (10 to 1), the Israelis are also outmanned. A lone Israeli division faces an Egyptian force perhaps ten times larger, yet so far has dissuaded Nasser from attempting a drive across Suez to regain a foothold on the Sinai Peninsula. Says Bar-Lev: "I think they will get tired before we will."

Relentless shelling, sniping and the searing Sinai sun make the Bar-Lev Line the hottest front in casualties and climate. There is no sweet smell of vic-

that will determine what the Russians will do or won't do is the reaction of the U.S. and the reaction of Israel."

ISRAEL'S INTENTIONS: "The fact that we have not attacked any target deep in Egypt since April does not mean that we are not able to. If we find it necessary, we might even do it. It is not a question of ability."

Bar-Lev has few morale problems in his army; Israeli soldiers have long been convinced that they only have to lose once to the Arabs to lose everything. As a result, surprising numbers of recruits volunteer as paratroopers, pilots, and, perhaps toughest of all, naval commandos, whose rigorous training includes a 110-mile obstacle course. For any serviceman, the proudest insignia is the unit



ISRAELI SOLDIERS BEHIND SANDBAGGED FORTRESS ON SUEZ CANAL

tory there, only the odors of cordite, of dead fish in the narrow canal (a mere 80 yds. across at some points), of sweaty bunkers and boots left out to air. Yet plenty of spirited Israelis volunteer for the Suez front. Explains one reserve officer who chose duty on the line: "You cannot argue in your living room unless you have taken part."

Daily bombardments force soldiers to spend most of the time under the desert in the strongly fortified bunkers, emerging at night for patrols and showers when shelling slackens. Rookies invariably bring suntan lotion but go home white as cheese. They also find themselves wincing at auto backfires and occasionally even hurling themselves to the sidewalk out of habit. A week's respite each month allows time for soaking up sun and satisfying other appetites. "Down there you just don't think about sex," says a reserve captain who spent three months at the front. "It's probably the tension."

Inside the sunken, multistory bunkers, equipped with electric lights, TV, foam-rubber mattresses and even disposable plastic mess gear, life becomes a routine of sitting out one artillery barrage after another. Dust blows off the dunes in gagging flurries and the heat

is stifling, but the bunkers are relatively safe. The tanklike forts are topped with such a sturdy mixture of sand, concrete, timber and steel rails ripped up from the trans-Sinai line that even accurate salvos send little more than tremors below. The Suez defenders, who call themselves "moles," pass the hours in the cramped forts cleaning their weapons and playing backgammon.

Egyptian barrages are not as worrisome to Israeli troopers as the sudden single shell that can catch a man in the open, on his way to the kitchen or the latrine. Also worrisome are the "monkeys," as the moles refer to the camouflaged Egyptian snipers who perch in 60-ft. eucalyptus trees across the canal. At one fort, a sniper plinked away whenever an Israeli headed for a shower. The commander knew that artillery would be of little use; 105-mm. howitzers had been tried before, but only made the trees sway. Besides, the shells cost \$85 apiece. One morning, the commander rose before dawn, hid among the dunes and, as soon as the sun began rising at his back, saw a slight movement in the sniper's tree. The commander's second shot brought the Egyptian down.

Arab armies. Three weeks ago, an Egyptian commando party ambushed Israelis on the Bar-Lev Line and killed 13 of them. For an army that tossed away its shoes and fled in panic in its last major war, such a raid can have an exhilarating effect. To prevent its air force from being demolished in three hours as it was in 1967, the Egyptians have built hundreds of concrete "hangarettes" and scattered them around the country to limit destruction. Their force of 1,000 T-54 and T-55 tanks are no longer clustered in depots. Egyptian artillery on the Suez Canal is massed in the Russian manner, and there the Egyptians have been inflicting casualties.

Elsewhere along Israel's 1,349 miles of postwar border, opposing forces are

no better than they were before the '67 war. Lebanese and Jordanian troops, as last week's fighting in Amman indicated, spend as much time trying to control the fedayeen as they do fighting the Israelis. Syria does little to irritate Israel, since Damascus is only a five-minute jet flight from Israeli airbases. Iraq, although it maintains a 10,000-man expeditionary force in Jordan, has done little fighting. The threats to Israel therefore lie principally in the west.

One threat should worry Europe also. The Russians, simply by stationing land and air forces on the North African littoral, have outflanked the southern defenses of NATO. Russian jets enjoy access to 43 Arab airfields right now, and could adapt another 60 in short order if they chose. Only last week, the former Wheeler AFB outside Tripoli was rechristened Ughab Ben Nafe base as the U.S. flag was hauled down and the green, black and red flag of Colonel Muammar Gaddafi's revolutionary Libyan government was hoisted. The 2,100-acre base could easily handle Russia's largest planes.

Another threat from the Russians is that they might ultimately decide to move their planes forward to the canal or install missiles there. Most observers believe, nonetheless, that Soviet policy in the Middle East is still to maintain tension and encourage a gradual erosion of U.S. influence without actually provoking a war. With those objectives, Moscow has not been helpful in furthering peace efforts. Four-power talks among the U.S., Russia, Britain and France have gone nowhere. Soviet Ambassador to Washington Anatoly Dobrynin, at Moscow's order, continues to give the U.S. what the State Department calls "unsatisfactory explanations" of the Russian aims in Egypt. U.S. Ambassador Jacob Beam has got no clearer answers at the Kremlin. The Russian tone toward the U.S., meanwhile, has turned ominously icy. On four consecutive days last week, the three top men in the Soviet Union came out with strong denunciations of U.S. policy, particularly in Indochina and the Middle East.

Israelis worry that Russia may decide to risk some losses in order to test its equipment in Egypt, just as U.S. military men have used Viet Nam as a kind of testing ground. The SA-3, after all, has never been fired against an actual enemy, and 25 years after V-E day, there are few, if any Russian pilots with combat experience.

In spite of growls from the Russian bear, Bar-Lev, for one, does not believe that the Middle East is heading for right war. The prospects for peace seem even more remote. A young girl graduating from high school last week put the feeling of her generation in particularly poignant terms. "We shall stay strong in bombs and bullets," she said, "but staying strong inside is harder. The boys in my class are going straight to the army. I know I shall never see some of them again."

Moscow-on-the-Nile

SUPPLIES of concrete and timber suddenly began vanishing all over Egypt. Some roads were closed to civilian traffic, as trucks bearing shrouded hardware rumbled to guarded sites in nighttime runs. Huge transport planes thundered ceaselessly into Cairo's airport, disgorging men and equipment. These mysterious comings and goings a few months ago signaled a major expansion of the Soviet Union's presence in Egypt. Some diplomats compare it to the beginnings of the U.S. buildup in South Viet Nam in the mid-1960s.

Most observers in Cairo date the buildup from Gamal Abdel Nasser's secret three-day trip to the Soviet Union last January. At that time, Israeli aircraft were regularly making deep-penetration raids into Egyptian territory. Had the attacks continued, Nasser's political position could have been severely shaken, and this in turn could have jeopardized Moscow's massive investment in Egypt.

Alexandria to Aswan. The number of Russians in Egypt increased from 10,000 to 14,000 during the buildup. Of these, 4,000 are civilian technicians and their dependents; most of them serve as advisers on the huge Helwan steelworks just south of Cairo and the Aswan High Dam, which will be declared officially completed in ceremonies next month. The civilians live mainly in Cairo's Zamalek district in a community complete with its own school, social club and outdoor movie. Another 3,000 to 4,000 military advisers are assigned to the armed forces at every level of command from artillery crews at the Suez Canal to naval vessels in the Red Sea. "Today the Soviets are in on every decision," an observer commented recently. President Nasser himself boasted in Khartoum last month that "Soviets are serving with our units everywhere." At least a dozen Russian advisers have died in Israeli attacks. The major new elements of the Soviet presence:

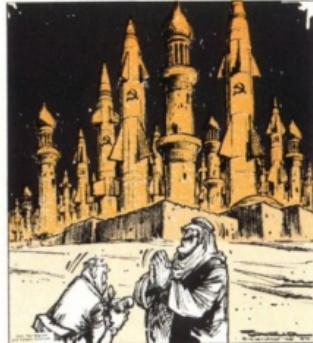
- As many as 100 MIG-21J interceptors, along with 70 to 100 Soviet pilots plus crewmen. The planes, with a longer range, better radar and a more effective fire-control system than earlier MIG-21s flown by Egyptians, are based at Cairo West, Beni Suef, Aswan, Mansura and Inshahs. Only once, so far as is known, have they and Israeli pilots encountered one another: in April, over Lake Qurun southwest of Cairo. Israelis suddenly discovered that the MIGs they were about to jump were being flown by Russian-speaking pilots. Both sides backed away and have steered clear ever since.
- SA-3 ground-to-air missiles, manned by 3,500 to 5,000 Soviet technicians. Six sites already surround the harbor of Alexandria. Six other sites encircle Cairo, and four more are a short distance away at Cairo West, where Russian forces have established their headquarters in a for-

mer British base. Four clusters of SA-3s protect the Aswan High Dam, two more are believed to be at Baltim on the Mediterranean coast, and others are at the Russian bases at Mansura and Inshahs. The number of SA-3 sites, each with eight missiles and 100 to 150 men, may eventually reach about 50.

Tight Security. The SA-3, similar to the U.S. Hawk missile but equipped with better radar, supplements the less sophisticated SA-2, which never measured up to Soviet expectations. In North Viet Nam, where Moscow installed them to defend against U.S. planes, SA-2s worked successfully only three times in 6,800 firings. The Israelis lost just one Piper Cub to the SA-2s. By flying low, Israeli jets easily evaded the missiles. They also bombed about 20 of the sites out of existence.

Since the SA-3's radar is incapable of tracking targets below 500 ft., Israeli pilots are said to be training to fly at 200 ft.—even at night. The Soviet answer is a new and reportedly highly effective defense system called ZSU234, which could be used to protect the SA-3 sites against ground-hugging planes if the Israelis should eventually decide to attack them. The ZSU234 is a four-

CONRAD—LOS ANGELES TIMES



"YOU EGYPTIANS MUST BE
A VERY RELIGIOUS PEOPLE . . ."

barreled, 23-mm., radar-directed light antiaircraft weapon mounted to a tank-like tracked vehicle.

Because the SA-3 is the Soviet Union's most recent operational ground-to-air missile (Egypt and East Germany are the only countries outside the Soviet Union in which it has been installed), security is still extremely tight. Not even Egyptian generals are allowed into the complexes without permission. Residents of the fashionable Cairo suburb of Mokattam are not permitted to bring guests home because some callers might be spies who would notice the nearby missile site's 65-ft. "Squat Eye" tower, so nicknamed by NATO. Similarly, the Mo-



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The Drivers. Firestone wanted non-professional drivers, so we chose a group of boys from The University of Akron.

The Cars. We used three different makes of new cars. Cars like yours. Sedans and hardtops with standard automatic transmissions.

The Road. We drove most of the test over portions of Interstate 71. From Akron to Columbus. And back. And, of course, the usual in-city traffic. Wet, dry, day and night, our teams went an average of 1200 miles a day—around the clock—for 50,000 miles. We kept to the legal speed limit, traffic and weather permitting, driving the way you drive—maybe a little harder.

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We rotated the tires every 5,000 miles. Kept the front ends in line and maintained the suggested air pressures. Exactly what you should do to maximize tire life.

And Sup-R-Belt tires are more than double-belted. Firestone has a special way

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50,000 honest miles.

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Sup-R-Belts are the best double-belted tires at the fairest price that we know how to make.

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Firestone
The Mileage Specialist.

kattam Casino, from which the view was too clear, has been moved lock, stock and roulette table to the Nile Hilton Hotel, from which no missiles can be visible.

One indication of the growing friendship between the Soviet Union and Egypt—as well as the cost of that friendship—is the fact that trade between the two nations jumped 26.5% in 1969 and will increase again this year. In addition to cotton, yarn and rice, Egypt now sells the Russians a wide variety of other products. Moscow stores this year, for example, are stocking Egyptian rum and brandy as well as large, expensive Egyptian furniture that barely fits into many Moscow apartments.

Low Silhouette. Russian troops in Egypt are under the control of Soviet Ambassador to Cairo Sergei Vinogradov, who acts as a kind of pro-consul for the Kremlin with somewhat the same role and prestige as U.S. Ambassador to Saigon Ellsworth Bunker. The Soviet military men, as well as the civilians, generally try to maintain an extremely low silhouette. Missile technicians live in self-contained tent communities. "An SA-3 site," says a Western diplomat, "comes with cooks, bottle washers, the lot." Occasionally an Egyptian might glimpse a busload of Russians visiting the pyramids, or see a group of beefy, fair-skinned workers at Agomy beach west of Alexandria. To one recent British visitor, however, Cairo is beginning to look like Moscow-on-the-Nile. "My God," he complained, "even the shopkeepers assume you speak Russian." At the Gezira Sporting Club, once a famous British watering spot, he observed a number of Russians as well as East Germans and Czechs "lying around the pool reading *Pravda*."

As in many remote places to which they have been sent, the Russians tend to stick to themselves. "They won't even say hell in the elevator," an Egyptian commented recently. Said another: "The educated people don't like the Russians because they wonder how we are ever going to get them out of the country. It will be just as hard to get rid of them as it was the British. The simple people are suspicious of them because Communists don't believe in God, and there's nothing worse than that."

Such complaints are more than offset, however, by the knowledge that the SA-3 missiles have caused the Israelis to suspend their deep-penetration raids for fear of direct confrontation with the Soviets. Egyptian morale, in fact, is at its highest point in months. "The uncertainty of the future still gnaws at everybody," a Cairo businessman said last week, "but at least we know that Cairo won't be bombed." The piles of sandbags have disappeared from the Nile bridges, blue dim-out paint has been scraped off windows and automobile headlights, and Suleyman Pasha Square is bathed in new floodlights.



CAMBODIAN TROOPS SECURING SIEM REAP AIRPORT FOLLOWING COMMUNIST ATTACK

Indochina: The Rising Tide of War

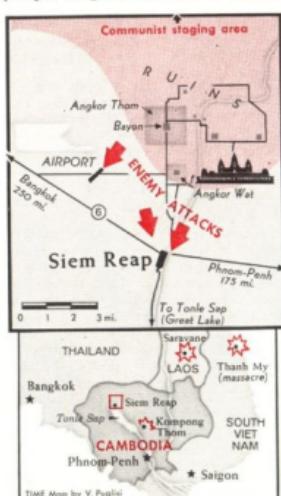
EETCHED majestically against the endless green curtain of Cambodia's jungle, the graceful colonnades and parapets of Angkor memorialize a civilization that ruled most of Indochina nearly 1,000 years ago. Last week, in the war that will determine Indochina's future rulers, Vietnamese Communist troops occupied parts of the massive, ancient complex, scattering storage areas, hospitals and military emplacements near its stately and intricately carved walls. For the first time since 1431, when the forebears of modern Thailand pillaged Angkor, the seat of Khmer

culture was occupied by foreigners.

The Communist presence in the ruins of Angkor was symptomatic of the war's tidal movement throughout Indochina. Its supposedly neutral Laos, North Vietnamese forces overran and held the southern provincial capital of Saravane, which has for two years been a U.S. air-supplied island within the Communist-held countryside. The city's fall could well indicate that the Communists, who already control most of northeastern Laos, intend to tighten their grip on the country's southern reaches. In South Viet Nam, the Communists continued to step up the fighting in the northernmost I Corps with shellings, sapper raids and the bloodiest assault on civilians in more than two years (see following story).

Two Life Lines. But Cambodia remained the war's focal point. Along Cambodia's eastern border, U.S. troops, working against a pullback deadline that expires in less than two weeks, continued to uncover rich veins of buried Communist supplies in the sanctuary areas. But the U.S. sweep seemed only to push the Communist forces deeper into Cambodia. Roving forces of Communist troops kept pressure on three provincial capitals, including Siem Reap, the gateway to Angkor, and Kompong Speu, only 24 miles southwest of the capital, Phnom-Penh. The widening Communist attacks spread Premier Lon Nol's forces so thin that his strategists were seriously discussing a kind of grand enclave plan for the country. The Cambodian army would pull back to a corridor stretching from the seaport of Kompong Som (formerly Sihanoukville) to Phnom-Penh and northwest to the Thai border, tacitly ceding the rest of Cambodia to the Communists.

This plan would leave the government



of Lon Nol with roughly half the country to defend, including the fish- and rice-producing region around the Tonle Sap and the Angkor area. The regions given over to the Communists would include the northeast, where they already dominate, the eastern border regions and the rugged Cardamom Mountains in the southwest.

The admission that Phnom-Penh does not control much of the rest of the country would be a severe psychological blow to Lon Nol's government but would probably constitute a wise military move. As it is, says one Western military analyst, the Cambodian army's desperate holding action resembles "a skater gliding over a lake of rotten ice. No matter how fast he tries, the ice keeps breaking up, and pretty soon there is nowhere left to skate."

While not quite an icebreaker, the fight for Siem Reap certainly required a lot of fast skating. After Communist forces launched assaults against the town and its modern airport four miles to the northwest, the government committed nine battalions, including a full brigade of paratroopers, one of the few elite military units in Cambodia. The Cambodians managed to secure the city and airport. But the Communists continued to roam at will throughout the countryside, including the Angkor ruins, which the government declared an "open city" to prevent any battle damage. From art lovers around the world came messages appealing for both sides to consider the priceless ruins neutral. At week's end a convoy evacuated Angkor's French caretakers, including Curator Bernard Groslier. Scattered fighting was reported among the treasures.

Mogic Kerchief, TIME Correspondent Robert Anson was the first newsmen to enter Siem Reap after the Communist attack was blunted. Some of the fiercest fighting of the two-day battle, he reported, involved a Viet Cong attack on the high school, where more than 200 recently inducted 16- and 17-year-old boys and girls were garrisoned. A Cambodian officer who remained in radio contact with the group throughout a night filled with thundering mortar fire and the clatter of machine guns, said the terrified students cried into the radio "like a baby crying at night for its mother." But they were ordered to hold out, and they did. Two of their number, a 17-year-old girl and a teacher, were killed, but the youthful recruits drove back an enemy force much stronger than their own. Reports Anson: "All of the students wore a yellow kerchief tied dashingly around their necks. It's a magic kerchief," explained one of their teachers. "They think it will continue to bring them luck."

Such spirit, half nationalism and half naïveté, is what keeps Cambodia going these days. But it is not going to work for long against experienced North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops. In both Laos and Cambodia, the suddenly widening war in Indochina is placing pres-

sure on the two governments, which in turn are appealing to the U.S. for help. But so far, the U.S. has been unwilling to respond with any real force.

A Communist diplomat, speaking privately in Paris recently, declared: "First the Americans invaded the Plain of Jars in Laos, then they invaded Cambodia. Such recklessness invites reprisals." Reckless or not, the U.S. foray is not the only reason that the Communists are on the move in Cambodia. The overthrow of Sihanouk was bound to provoke some countermeasures from the Communists, and Lon Nol's government might not have lasted even this long if the U.S. had stayed out of the sanctuaries. But one consequence of the

enemy troops slipped into Thanh My. By then, many of the residents, trying to escape the mortar explosions, had taken refuge in bunkers. They soon became graves.

The Communist troops moved through Thanh My hurling various sorts of explosives—grenades, satchel charges and homemade devices called "Chicom grenades," which are fashioned from Coca-Cola cans filled with plasticite or TNT, rocks and nails. Explosives dumped into one large bunker killed 24 persons. "When the V.C. came, they shot every house," says Hoan Than Tick, 56, a resident who escaped. "When people ran, they shot them too. Then they threw grenades into the bunkers."



THANH MY VICTIMS WITH HANDS BOUND BY COMMUNISTS

The objective was terror.

U.S. incursions was to push the war into relatively undefended areas. That could saddle Washington with ever wider responsibilities in the long run—or with the blame for evading them.

Night of Death

The Communist attack opened suddenly with a fiery burst of 60- and 81-mm. mortar fire that jolted the residents of Thanh My and two nearby hamlets out of their sleep at 1:30 a.m. one night last week. Many of the shells were white-phosphorous ones that set fire to the flimsy huts.

The Communists, apparently a mixed force of North Vietnamese sappers and Viet Cong guerrillas, skillfully pinned down one platoon of U.S. Marines and one of the Popular Forces that were on night ambush duty near by. A Regional Forces platoon was trapped inside its compound near the village's only military target, a bridge across the Ba Ren River. After pounding the three hamlets with some 200 mortar rounds,

All the hamlets were heavily damaged, and Thanh My was virtually destroyed. At least 114 inhabitants died in the raid in the worst Communist massacre since the deadly days of the 1968 Tet attacks. The survivors wandered dazedly through the smoldering ruins of their homes. One old dwarf carried two severed hands wrapped in paper—all that he could find of his twelve-year-old son, who was in one of the bunkers. Even as the people of Thanh My mourned their dead, the women of a village controlled by the Viet Cong only a few miles away showed up to carry off the 16 Communists killed during the attack. Neither group of mourners disturbed the other.

Thanh My, located 18 miles south of Danang, had been considered one of the safer points in I Corps' Quang Nam province. The Communists apparently had no objective in mind other than to break that reputation by killing as many of Thanh My's men, women and children as they could in one night of terror.

You're an adult. They're teenagers.

If you start lecturing them, they'll turn you off. They already know drinking is a pleasure reserved for adults. And they're fully aware of the legal drinking age.

So, it's not so much what you tell them, it's how you tell them.

We have a suggestion: tell them by showing them.

Show them that a drink taken socially is fine. As long as it's taken sensibly and moderately.

Show them that the legal drinking age is not a license for irresponsibility, but a recognition of maturity—mental as well as physical.

Then, when they're old enough, you'll know they're old enough to enjoy our products sensibly.

We wouldn't want it any other way.

A Father's Day Message from... Seagram/distillers since 1857

The subject is drinking and you're the teacher. What do you tell them?



OUR NEW LITTLE CAR WILL BE A LOT BIGGER THAN ITS SIZE WOULD INDICATE.

Most little cars really show their size when you try to sit comfortably in them, or merge onto a freeway, or climb a steep hill.

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Little in a big way.

Little, yes. It will be riding on a tight 97-inch wheelbase, and it's designed for only four people. However, they can be four big people, because there's as much room per passenger as in many big cars.

There are other big things about our little car, too. Like its amazingly peppy performance on a turnpike, and the welcome quietness of its unique engine.

Vega will also be a very secure little car, due to a number of things: extra-big brakes, wide stance, low center of gravity, steel beams in the doors, and lots of GM safety features.

What we're trying to say is this: our little car is just as much car as any big car, only it's smaller.

Big in a little way.

Naturally, there are times when littleness pays off, and we're making full use of those.

Vega will zip by gas stations where you were once a steady customer. While we can't give you a

figure as yet, we can promise you that its mileage will be in the same neighborhood as the best of the economy cars. And that's a pretty good neighborhood.

Another nice thing about our Vega is the way it handles. We don't mean on a racetrack; we mean those delicious little moments when you can dive headfirst into a parallel parking spot, or maneuver effortlessly in city traffic, or just cruise down the highway. It's tight, smooth—oh heck, it's fun.

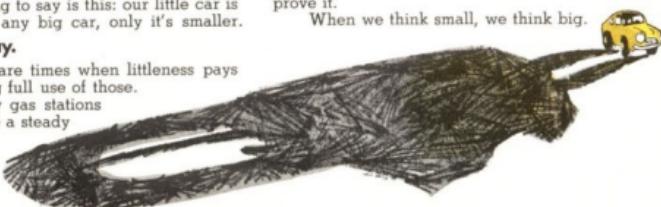
And let's not ignore one other little thing: prices will be very close to ordinary little cars'.

The little car that does everything well.

We realize that we've made some pretty big claims for our new little car, but that's only because they're true.

Our people think Vega 2300 will be the best possible combination of size, performance and economy. And, we're going to spend the next few weeks telling you about it. Then we're going to prove it.

When we think small, we think big.



MAPS OF EXCELLENCE

VEGA
CHEVROLET



HEATH & POWELL AT 1967 TORY CONFERENCE



WILSON WITH WIFE MARY

Britain: The Odds on Labor

THE scene: Edinburgh airport. A lass working for the British Board of Trade and assigned to quiz every 30th arriving passenger flips open her pad.

"What is the reason for your visit?"

"Business, politics, winning an election," replies the pink-cheeked gentleman.

"How long has your firm been in business?"

"Since the time of Benjamin Disraeli."

"What is your final destination?"

"No. 10 Downing Street."

Only then did she recognize Edward ("Ted") Heath, 53, leader of the Conservative Party and aspirant Prime Minister. Last week's Edinburgh encounter was symptomatic of the plight of Ted Heath and his embattled Tories, who have been out of office for nearly six years. As Britain this week prepares to go to the polls in the eighth general election since 1945, Heath stands scant chance of moving into 10 Downing Street. Instead, British bookies were giving odds as high as 10-to-1 that Laborite Harold Wilson would become the first Prime Minister in the last 100 years to lead his party to three consecutive electoral victories.

Polls Ahead. For four days last week, Britain's newspaper-loving public was deprived of reading about the politicking. Eleven national papers were closed by a strike, and election buffs were reduced to crowding around the telly for their news. When the papers reappeared, after settling on a 10% pay increase, they reported opinion samplings showing that Labor had increased its lead by as much as 12.4%. It was a remarkable turn-around; a year ago, Labor trailed the Tories by as much as 26.8%. Wilson's current lead—if it stands up—would give the party a massive 140-seat majority in the Commons. That would be an even greater Labor victory than the one in 1966 that resulted in a 96-seat edge in the Commons,

Some Laborites, in fact, were concerned that the party's overconfident supporters would feel it unnecessary even to vote on June 18. This would present the well-organized Tory machine with an opportunity to turn out its own voters and thus narrow the Labor margin, or perhaps in the highly unlikely event of a reversal of Labor fortunes, even squeak through to an upset triumph.

Ducking Issues. In the final week of campaigning, Wilson, usually accompanied by his wife Mary, billowed through the hustings, laughing off barrages of eggs, bags of talcum powder, Tory hecklers and even a bolt of lightning that struck his train at Attenborough. Heath, whistling across the sceptered isle in an executive prop jet, plodded away at his efforts to swing 49 key marginal constituencies away from Labor. But Heath was unable to match Wilson's jaunty confidence. He did unbend enough toward the campaign's end to drink with workers in pubs and buss young girls. Nonetheless, Heath sniffed, "I don't regard this election as a competition between a couple of circus masters."

If Wilson gave little heed to the issues, voters paid less attention to Heath's attempts to raise them. For one thing, the British were distracted by the World Cup Soccer matches in Mexico City, where the British team is defending its championship title.

The most important immediate issue facing Britain has barely been raised at all. That is Common Market membership for Britain, which would carry the advantage of larger markets for British goods but would mean higher food prices at home. Admission negotiations start on the Continent next month. While both Labor and Tory leaders favor Britain's entry, samplings show 57% of the electorate is opposed. Wilson simply dodges the point, referring questioners to dull previous statements. Heath has been somewhat more forth-

right. But in Portsmouth, after hailing the potential benefits to Britain of Common Market membership, Heath wound up his paean by saying that "no British government could take the British people into the Common Market against their will."

Almost equally ignored was the fact that despite the gloss of affluence over London, and despite Manchester's massive £250 million urban-renewal program, too much of the north—and other areas too—feels neglected by the planners in the capital. In the gloom of Glasgow tenements, the shoddy dock areas of Liverpool and in blackened, beaten-down Leeds, the shadows thicken. "People are fed up," says Liberal Candidate Willis Pickard in Edinburgh, "with being run from Westminster and Whitehall." Over the entire north, unemployment has risen from 2% four years ago to 5.2% last year. Half the unemployed are men under 40. The three major industries of the north—coal, steel and shipbuilding—still tremble from a recession. True enough, the British economy has been brightened immeasurably in the past several months by the turnaround in the nation's balance of payments position, which ran a 1969-70 surplus of \$1.45 billion, twice the targeted figure. For many in Britain, the sudden sunniness brought by the relaxation of government curbs on wages has been sweet indeed. Asked if he thought it would last, Edinburgh Electrician Jack Miller grinned: "How would I know? I only know Harold's made it happen." Heath, who warns of a new onset of inflation that will eat up the higher wages, has been unable to excite the generally well-off electorate with his prophecies of economic doom.

Racial Stabs. In the final stretch, the campaign suddenly turned bitter over an issue that would play a role in deciding the election outcome in no more than 20 of Britain's 630 electoral districts. The issue is race. It is a problem the British largely ignored until a decade ago. Immigration from Asia and

the Caribbean has pushed the nonwhite population to a present total of 1.3 million. The man who raised the issue was Tory Enoch Powell, Harold Macmillan's Minister of Health. In 1968 Powell prophesied that rivers of blood would flow in Britain if colored immigration was allowed to continue. More recently, he demanded citizenship legislation to differentiate between those who "belong" in Britain and those who do not, as well as a ban on the entry of dependents of immigrants already landed and a bribe for those nonwhites who agree to leave Britain.

Speaking to constituents in his Mid-lands district of Wolverhampton, Powell last week charged that the sacrosanct Civil Service had "cruelly and persistently misled" the public as to the size of the immigrant problem. In a tactic reminiscent of the late Senator McCarthy, Powell said, "One begins to wonder if the Foreign Office is the only department of state into which enemies of this country have infiltrated."

Best Advice. Powell's slur drew an angry and immediate riposte from the Labor Party. "If Powell has evidence of traitors in government departments," said Home Secretary James Callaghan, who oversees British internal security, "he has not made any approach to me. If this is more than a smear scare, I must ask him to come to me at once." But Heath, who in 1968 expelled Powell from his Shadow Cabinet because of his racial views, refused to censure Powell for fear of provoking a split in the Tories. Many theorized that Powell, foreseeing a Tory defeat at the polls, was seeking to lay the foundations for a post-election challenge to Heath's leadership. In view of Heath's timidity, the best advice for the Tories came from Laborite Defense Minister Denis Healey. "I hope no British party," he said, "would put its trust in a man who chooses the height of electoral battle to stab his leader in the back."

ARGENTINA

Fall of a Corporate Planner

"I have a vast plan in my pocket," boasted Lieut. General Juan Carlos Onganía to his countrymen four years ago after an army coup had installed him as President of Argentina. It became increasingly clear that Onganía's chief aim was to perpetuate his own authoritarian rule. To do so, he sought to create a corporate state in the style of Italy's Mussolini or Spain's Franco. Instead of holding elections, Onganía planned to establish a "three-pillared state" by appointing representatives of the unions, business interests and the technical-professional class to new executive advisory councils.

In pursuit of this goal, Onganía began to solicit the support of the labor unions, many of which are still dominated by the totalitarian principles of the long-deposed Juan Perón. Onganía's appeal to the unions and entrepreneurs

angered the army generals, who consider themselves the guardians of Argentina's welfare. At a meeting last month the generals barraged the President with complaints about his dictatorial designs. When one young general complained of a "lack of dialogue," Onganía replied, "But we are having a dialogue now." "We are not," snapped the general. "You are lecturing us, and besides I doubt if the people would consider us their just representatives." The generals sought to persuade Onganía to set a date for the election of a representative civilian government, but Onganía refused. Last week, in Argentina's sixth military coup in 40 years, the army surrounded Buenos Aires' Government House with troops. After holding out for twelve hours, the stubborn Onganía stepped into a Mercedes and drove 2½ blocks to the junta's headquarters. "Gentlemen, I have come to present my resignation," he announced.



JUNTA MEMBERS GNAVI, LANUSSE & REY
A lecture is not a dialogue.

Onganía was unpopular with civilians and military alike for his stubborn authoritarianism. His generals called him "*El Caño*" (The Pipe), because, as one officer explained it, "He is very straight, but also very hollow." He did manage to curb Argentina's dangerous inflation, which dropped from 26.7% in 1966 to 6.5% last year. He won the gratitude of foreign businessmen by allowing repatriation of profits and by inviting the return of foreign oil companies whose exploration contracts had been canceled by his civilian predecessor, President Arturo Umberto Illia.

But after the bloody labor rioting last year at the industrial city of Córdoba in which 22 persons were killed, Onganía's power began to crumble. While the country was beset by a wave of crime and violence and a gradual return of inflation, Onganía's only prescription was to tighten censorship and complain that Argentines suffered from "an excess of freedom." The final blow may well have been the loss of prestige that Onganía suffered by the kidnapping two weeks ago of a former President, Lieut. General Pedro Eugenio Aram-

buru, who ruled the country for 2½ years following Perón's ouster. The kidnappers claimed to be Peronistas avenging the execution of 27 of their compatriots who were executed during Aramburu's period in office. Some observers theorize, on the other hand, that the culprits could have been either ultralright militarists or leftist revolutionaries seeking to prevent any liaison between Onganía and the Peronista-dominated trade unions. In any case, there appeared to be little doubt that the kidnappers, whoever they might be, had carried out their threat to murder Aramburu. Early one morning they placed his watch, keys and medallion in the night deposit box of a suburban Buenos Aires bank. But they kept his body, apparently burying it in secret.

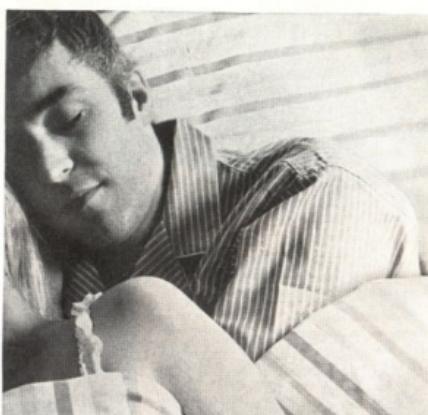
Waiting Out Perón. At week's end, the new junta whose members are Admiral Alberto J. Gnavi, Army Lieutenant General Alejandro A. Lanusse and Air

Force Brig. General Carlos A. Rey, appointed a brother officer to the Presidency. He is Brig. General Roberto Marcelo Levingston, who has been serving as Argentina's representative on the Inter-American Defense Board, headquartered in Washington.

The junta has also stressed the need for free elections. But this will hardly happen soon. The generals' dilemma, like that of the government they ousted, is that one of the two most powerful groups in the country remains the Peronistas, who still agitate for the return of *El Líder* from exile in Madrid. The military may be afraid to risk holding elections until after the death of the ailing 74-year-old Perón.

Only two weeks after the kidnapping of General Aramburu in Argentina, West Germany's Ambassador to Brazil, Ehrenfried von Holleben, was seized by terrorists in Rio de Janeiro. The Brazilian government, which had released 15 political prisoners in return for the life of U.S. Ambassador C. Burke Elbrick last September, agreed to release 40 prisoners for Von Holleben.

Four satisfied users speak out for



Bryant whole-house gas air conditioning.

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RUMANIAN SOLDIERS EVACUATING FLOOD VICTIMS IN ALBA PROVINCE

The Politics of Rescue

Peru and Rumania share the fate of having been stricken by the worst natural disasters in their histories. Both also are mavericks within the prevailing political systems in their parts of the world. Thus, last week, international aid efforts mixed politics with the human drama of rescue and recovery.

Peru: The Aftermath

In the wake of the worst recorded disaster in Peru's history, at least 41 nations have sent supplies or rescue teams to help the stricken country dig out from the devastation wrought by the giant earthquake, which caused massive floods and landslides that left 100,000 people injured and 800,000 homeless. One Peruvian expert estimated that the damage would reach \$500 million, and the death toll, which stood at 50,000, seemed likely to rise even higher. Rescuers were led by the stench to bodies buried beneath mounds of rubble.

The disaster brought at least a temporary reconciliation between Washington and Lima. For almost two years, the U.S. and the Peruvian nationalist junta led by General Juan Velasco Alvarado have been feuding over Peru's seizure of U.S. properties. After an unfortunate initial delay, the U.S. won warm thanks from the Peruvian generals for its effective aid. From the U.S.'s Southern Command in Panama came a 40-man rescue team three days after the quake, and giant Chinook helicopters from the carrier *Guam* lifted supplies into remote Andean villages that otherwise were completely cut off from the outside world by landslides. Washington also donated \$10 million in relief funds.

Other countries sent transport planes winging to Lima in what the Peruvian press described as "a world air bridge." Tents and medicines arrived by air from Russia, powdered milk from France, more medicines from Spain. French President Pompidou announced a na-

tional campaign to aid the grief-stricken nation, and Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito asked his countrymen to send contributions. More than 200 Chilean families offered to adopt some of the estimated 5,000 orphaned children. Aid also came from Fidel Castro, who seeks to make common cause with the Peruvian army's radical reform policies. Along with 20 planeloads of Cuban medical supplies and donated blood, Castro sent a pint of his own blood.

Rumania: The Crest

For more than a month, Rumania has been gripped in a struggle with the rising waters of the Danube and its tributaries. Last week, as the river crested at ten feet above its normal level, all but two of the country's 39 districts were either partially or totally inundated. Though emergency sandbagging kept the flood away from Bucharest and the big steel plant at Galati, Rumania has already suffered more property damage than during all of World War II.

Fed by abnormally heavy rains and a sudden thaw in the Carpathian mountains, the Danube had smashed through dikes and dams. It destroyed at least 284 bridges, wiped out one-sixth of the nation's train rails, swept under whole towns and washed away much of Rumania's richest topsoil. The death toll so far stands at 209, and some 500,000 people have been left homeless. Aided by relief supplies from 30 nations, including the U.S., which sent more aid than the Soviets did, the entire country has been mobilizing to combat the disaster. For the past month, Rumania's President, Nicolae Ceausescu, has done little but supervise flood-defense work, making frequent trips to the countryside to cheer up exhausted workers.

Though the waters are expected to subside within a few more weeks, the job of rebuilding the nation's shattered economy will take four or five years. Moreover, any economic weakness at home threatens to undermine Ceausescu's

hard-won political independence within the Soviet bloc. Though Ceausescu has managed to increase his country's trade with the West, Russia remains by far Rumania's most important customer. Many Rumanians now worry that Moscow may take advantage of the flood to reassert its domination.

Quiet Nerve. Since the flooding began, Ceausescu has made one trip to Moscow, apparently with inconclusive results. Soviet offers of aid were reportedly tied to a list of general demands, including acceptance of Moscow's long-cherished notion of Rumanian "integration" into COMECON, the Communist common market, which would block his attempts to build up an independent economy. Just how hard the Soviets are prepared to press will be evident next month when Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev arrives in Bucharest for the signing of a new Rumanian-Soviet friendship treaty. Drafted two years ago, the document so far has not been amended to include mention of either the Brezhnev Doctrine, permitting Soviet intervention in socialist countries, or of support for Moscow in the event of a Sino-Soviet clash.

Ceausescu has been carefully lining up support. With his customary display of quiet nerve, he has gratefully accepted \$444,050 worth of Chinese flood aid and even dispatched his Vice President, Emil Bodnar, to Peking and Pyongyang to talk long-term economic deals. He has proposed a "standing Balkan conference" that would, among other things, give Rumania yet another set of economic partners (Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia), and is planning a visit to Paris later this month where he hopes to line up more joint ventures with French industries. The flood has, however, brought Ceausescu surcease from Soviet pressure in at least one area. Rumania's flooded countryside is certain to remain too soggy to support tanks for many months. Result: it would be useless for the Soviets to demand that the joint Warsaw Pact exercises be held in Rumania next month, as they have been urging.

PEOPLE

"I have never snatched so quickly at a role in my life," said Sir Laurence Olivier. Something Shakespearean? Not at all. Next season at London's Old Vic, the 63-year-old actor (who was honored with a life peerage last week, making him the only lord on the British stage) will play Nathan Detroit, proprietor of the oldest established permanent floating crap game in the durable Damon Runyon musical *Guys and Dolls*. Sir Laurence dismisses suggestions that the accents of the Queen's English cannot adapt to the argot of Times Square. As for Detroit's one song—well, Sir Laurence has carried a tune onstage before (*The Entertainer*), though he doesn't much relish the chore: "It hurts my throat, and I can't stand the noise."

Time and age had clearly mellowed the antipathies of World War II. As Charles de Gaulle, 79, met Spain's Generalissimo Francisco Franco, 77, somehow the towering caller managed to reduce the distance between them (6 ft. 4 in. v. 5 ft. 3 in.) by the very depth of his bow. What they talked about was nobody's business but theirs—particularly De Gaulle, who is keeping a travelogue for his memoirs. After the 45-minute chat, *El Caudillo* honored the first-time visitor to Spain by taking him home to lunch.

When Salome begins peeling off those seven veils in the Strauss opera, no one expects her to hit rock bottom—and given the construction of most sopranos, no one much minds if she doesn't. But U.S. Mezzo-Soprano Grace Bumby, 33, whose physical endowment (37-25-40½) is as rich as her voice, playfully promised to strip to her "jewelry and perfume" for her opening performance at London's Royal Opera House. To the delight of first-nighters

—who couldn't see her brief bikini—Miss Bumby was almost as good as her word.

They do it in France, but U.S. generals caught kissing each other would be likely to lose their stars. Not any more. Last week in Washington, Army Chief of Staff General William C. Westmoreland, observing the promotion of two WAC colonels, pronounced "a new protocol for congratulating ladies generals," and promptly planted a brass-

SPORT & GENERAL



ADAM DICKENS
Stayed injunction.



WESTMORELAND & HOISINGTON
Stars to smooch.

sy kiss on the mouths of WAC Brigadier Generals Elizabeth P. Hoisington, 51, and Anna Mae Hays, 50—the first women in U.S. Army history to attain the rank.

"I conjure my friends," Charles Dickens wrote in his will, "on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever." Last week in London, scores of friends ignored that slightly Uriah Heepish injunction to honor the 100th anniversary of the author's death. One presence that Dickens himself would have appreciated: his great-great-grandson Adam Dickens, 9, in high collar, waistcoat and chain, looking as if he had just stepped from the pages of *David Copperfield*.

Twenty years a housefather to singers and never once in a singer's home? How come? asked TV's Dick Cavett of the guest on his talk show. No mixing of business and pleasure? Not that, said Metropolitan Opera's manager Rudolph Bing, 68: "Come to think of it, they didn't invite me." Unappreciative, really, considering all that Bing has done for them: "When I came, we had a deficit of half a million dollars. I've worked hard, and now we have a deficit of well over \$4,000,000."

Georgia's most prominent picketer, Governor Lester Maddox, was knocked out of his one-man crusade against Atlanta's newspapers last week by a stone—a kidney stone. After the operation at Georgia Baptist Hospital, his surgeon reported that the patient would be back in full sign-carrying form within a month.

Knocked off the mound last spring for consorting with gamblers, Detroit Tigers Pitcher Denny McLain has now filed for bankruptcy, claiming debts of \$400,000 and virtually no assets other than one of the best right arms in the business (24-9 last season). Trouble is, that arm won't earn him a dime until July 1, when his 75-game suspension ends.

KEystone



GRACE BUMBY AS SALOME
Stripped to perfume.



The Western White about 4,400 yards power plant.

This is the San Onofre nuclear power plant in California. It was built and is being operated well within the strict regulations of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, just like every other nuclear power plant in the country. The one thing that distinguishes it from the others is its neighbors, President and Mrs. Nixon. Last summer our President joined thousands of Californians living near San Onofre.

The Nixons enjoy the same safety precautions as anyone else living near any nuclear power plant in this country.

What are those precautions?

1. Before the AEC will issue a construction permit for a nuclear power plant, its regulatory staff must approve the prospective location and plant design.

2. In addition, an independent group of scientific experts from outside the AEC, known as the Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards, must approve all plant sites and construction plans.

3. The application is then considered at a public hearing. This is conducted by a

three-man board consisting of an attorney and two technical people who must be selected from a panel of experts outside the AEC. The board's decision is reviewed by an appeal board and/or the five commissioners of the AEC, headed by Chairman, Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg.

4. The same thorough safety reviews by the regulatory staff and the Advisory Committee, required for the construction permit, are repeated before an operating license can be granted.

5. Once construction and operating licenses are granted, the regulatory staff conducts continuing reviews of the operation (for the life of the plant) to make sure the licensee follows all AEC standards.

To whom does the Atomic Energy Commission report?

The Chairman of the AEC, Dr. Seaborg, reports directly to the President of the United States. He is one of five Commissioners, each of whom is appointed to five-year terms, subject to confirmation by the U.S. Senate.

In addition, this Commission is under



House is located from this nuclear

the surveillance of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, a special committee of both houses of Congress. This congressional committee is the watchdog for all development, use and control of nuclear energy. It holds public hearings regularly.

The world's leading medical and scientific experts help establish safety standards used for nuclear power plants.

A doctor from the World Health Organization of Geneva, Switzerland; the director of a British radiobiology unit; a geneticist from a prominent American university are a few examples of the many renowned scientific thinkers who make up the International Commission of Radiological Protection and the National Council on Radiation Protection and Measurement. They continually report their findings and recommendations in publicly available documents. These are used by the Federal Radiation Council that establishes U.S. government policies on radiation. The AEC standards must conform to these policies.

The result of all this regulation and

continual investigation is that nuclear power plants are probably the most carefully studied and rigidly supervised industry in this country. Perhaps the safest in the history of technology.

These assurances are important to all Americans, because it is estimated that by the year 2000, half of the electric power needed in the United States will be produced in nuclear plants.

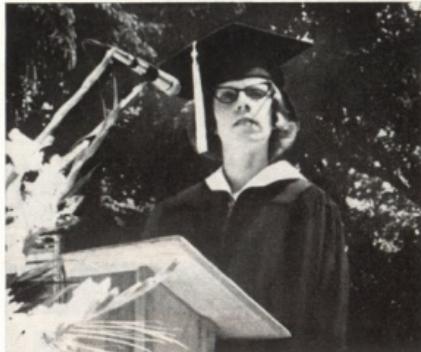
Many of us will be living near nuclear power facilities (indeed many of us already live considerably closer than our President, and just as safely). All are assured, not only by law, but through the diligent efforts of the electric utility industry and the scientific community, that each additional nuclear plant will be built and operated under safety precautions as stringent as those applied to the one near the Nixons' California home.

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EDUCATION

Voices of Commencement

From the rubble of a violent semester came themes for commencement speakers across the U.S. Most dwelt on factionalized America and the need for reconciliation between young and old, black and white, left and right. New York City Mayor John V. Lindsay echoed the predominant plea by calling for a "new center" in the country's politics. Speaking at Williams College in Massachusetts, he rejected rigid attachment to the simple and the absolute." Lindsay espoused "not a compromise between the uncompromising extremes, not a compromise with our conscience, but a commitment to rational change by rational means." He added: "The revolutionary defiles the flag and the reactionary deifies it. Both offend reason and common sense."

The Big Lie. In the eyes of Harvard President Nathan M. Pusey, however, the revolutionary is the bigger offender. In a moving baccalaureate address, which evoked his personal agony in coping with Harvard's turmoils, he blamed campus disruption on faculty and student extremists "who would like to see our colleges and universities denigrated, maligned and even shut down." In Pusey's angry view, such agitators—specifically, the S.D.S.—use techniques akin to those of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, for whom Pusey served as a favorite target. He cited the Hitlerian tactic of "the big lie"—in this case, the radicals' claim "that the university is a hopelessly bigoted, reactionary force in our society which serves the interest of a hideous military-industrial complex."

Among the results, Pusey said, were the S.D.S.-inspired furor over the presence on campus of a Dow Chemical recruiter in 1967 and this year's insinuations that Harvard's Center for International Affairs is engaged in "com-

plicity with our nefarious Government." It is clear, he said, that "the old McCarthy technique is at work again, but this time—it is a sorrow to have to acknowledge it—by our own, and in our midst." Pusey urged his graduates to "refuse to succumb to cynicism or hopelessness. It is a long way around," he said, "but it is the civilized way, and the only way for those who have come truly to understand the role of humane learning."

"I may put it this way," Pusey concluded. "There is a world of reason, modesty, charity and trust in the midst of, and opposed to, the oppressive and contentious world of deceit, anger, vilification and self-righteousness now made so manifest all about us again, as 20 years ago, by would-be exploiters. This former world is created and precariously maintained in all generations by civilized men, a world for which in the depths of our hearts I am sure we all yearn. What I have wanted to say to you today is simply that, in my view, as Harvard men you are called to serve that world."

Though Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. is no less a defender of the world that Pusey envisioned, he took a rather broader view of the current student generation's motives. Speaking to Yale's seniors, Brewster decried the inaccuracies of political labels, especially as they have been tossed about on campuses recently. "To call those who are not destructively militant 'moderate' grossly understates the widespread exasperation and outrage with injustice," he said. And "to call them 'liberal' tags them with a wishful gradualism which belies the depths of their impatience." But if labels are necessary, he continued, perhaps a term like "due-process radical" would suggest "that the tactical acceptance of working for change through the system does not imply an acceptance of

the whole system. Forbearance to use violence does not connote complacency; militant impatience does not require violence in order to prove itself." Brewster took pride in pointing out that most Yale students "have taken the measure of the wilder extremes and found them wanting."

Common Humanity. Not all speakers appealed to understanding and common sense. Borrowing Spiro Agnew's argot, NASA Administrator Thomas O. Paine took potshots at "Potland," which he said is waging "hysterical warfare" against "Squareland." Speaking at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Paine proposed a hypothetical Cabinet for the country, including Timothy Leary (Secretary of Agriculture), Jane Fonda (Interior), Arlo Guthrie (H.E.W.), Ralph Nader (Commerce) and Bobby Seale (Attorney General). Paine asserted that Potlanders were heavily dependent on "foreign aid" from Squareland. His words were generally ill-received. "The speech had one thing going for it," said a Worcester administrator. "It was short."

Many in the class of 1970 itself called for *rapprochement*. Speaking for his fellow graduates at the University of Texas, John Zammito maintained that "we are too often and too easily trapped into categories. We lose our sense of common humanity, dividing human life into camps." In his view, "There is no youth; there are only children. There is no Establishment; there are only parents. We must throw off the blindness of righteousness, of silence, of rhetoric." Zammito appealed to his peers: "Have we so completely forgotten the love and care of our parents? Have we forgotten our origins? Only when we understand that we are theirs and that they are ours and that this is the only truth—only then can we turn to the restoration of hope." Among other students who picked up that theme was Bonnie Cooke, valedictorian at Davis and Elkins College in West Virginia. "You'll need to be patient with us as we will



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with you," she told the adults in her audience. "I believe we're in a position to teach each other, but one of us might have to meet the other more than halfway. Who's going to be first?"

Kudos: Round 3

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SAUL BELLOW



ANDREW WYETH

awarded an O.B.E. and an Emmy last week).

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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Antonio Carrillo Flores, LL.D., Mexico's Secretary of Foreign Relations, former Mexican Ambassador to the U.S.

Joseph Luns, LL.D., Foreign Minister of The Netherlands.

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HUAC (House Un-American Activities Committee) pays seven cents a mile. If you're coming from California that's almost twice the youth fare: which means you can live for two months free on HUAC's tab. HUAC finances the revolution!

—Do It! by Jerry Rubin

There are other tricks in the radicals' bag, all of them similarly formulated to keep participants alive and well and living in the revolution. Often with no visible means of support, today's young radicals remain sufficiently fit not well-fed, adequately clothed, and able to catch the first wind of protest and the nearest available means of transportation in time to show up in the front lines from Berkeley to Birmingham, from Chicago to Kent State. Celebrities like Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman can stay close to the action without exactly pinching pennies: Rubin's book *Do It!* has already earned him \$45,000; Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It* and *Woodstock Nation* have raked in a cool \$75,000 so far. Like other members of the Chicago Seven, they can command lecture fees of several hundred dollars. But for the rank and file of the movement, survival in the society they are working to destroy—and the financing of the machinery to effect that destruction—depends upon a curious combination of primitive-tribal Communism, good Samaritanism, soak-the-sucker capitalism, live-on-the-dole socialism and the riding spirit of Robin Hoodism.

Well-Heeled Liberals. There are several means of funding the movement. A showing of *Cool Hand Luke* on the Berkeley campus netted \$500 for the Inter-Strike Co-ordinating Committee. Boston's Progressive Labor Party regularly holds bake sales and dances, this month drew 200 sympathizers to a rock concert at M.I.T. Biggest contributions, both of money and equipment, come from well-heeled liberals who support the radicals' drive for peace if not their revolutionary tactics and theories. The big earners among professional radicals, like Hoffman and Rubin, plow most of their profits back into the movement. Then there are "windfalls," like the one at San Francisco State College last year, when radicals seized control of the student-activities fund, amounting to more than \$400,000, and parceled out large sums to black militants and an organization that was blatantly Maoist.

For radicals, there are two kinds of

jobs. First and most important is work directly involved with the movement. Underground newspapers afford the steadiest income, both for the editorial staff (who usually save on individual rents by living communally in the office) and for the hawkers. Sellers of Los Angeles' *Free Press* buy some 5,000 copies of the paper for 16¢ each, sell them for a quarter, taking home as much as \$15 to \$20 a night. Operating expenses are low: \$550 and printing equipment inherited from another radical publication are enough to publish 10,000 issues of Washington's *Red Earth—Voice From the Mother Country, D.C.* every ten

days. Come into a high bracket for radicals. But, says Ron Young, "I can't feel guilty about receiving a salary in the peace movement. In comparison to what we could be earning on the outside, \$9,000 really isn't much at all."

Some radicals fill time with handicrafts, making posters, clothing, bead necklaces or leather goods. Faye Evans, 23, whiles away the hours between marches by weaving and augments the income from her family trust fund by selling her wares to Houston stores. Many radicals can count on parental support, if only an occasional check from home; but since all money, even movement money, is despised, members by and large stick to the dictum: "Take only what you need."

The other acceptable kind of work for radicals is the so-called straight job—anything from driving a cab to waiting on tables to factory labor; this is regarded only as "dropping-out to work" until a movement job can be found. Mike Ansara, an early organizer of S.D.S. at Harvard and a founder of Cambridge's underground *Old Mole*, quit the paper for a job in an auto-repair shop. Berkeley Radical Wendy Schlesinger had a fling as a census worker; a fourth-year architecture student at Houston's Rice University earns money for the movement at a part-time job scraping furniture in an antique shop. For extra, unanticipated personal needs, he "rips off"—or steals.

Looting with Scruples. Writes Jerry Rubin: "All money represents theft. To steal from the rich is a sacred and religious act. To take what you need is an act of self-love, self-liberation. While looting, a man to his own self is true." To many radicals, that truth is self-evident indeed. Some of those who take jobs in department stores or markets steal what they can, and either resell it at a minimum price underground or donate it to communes. Some who work in restaurants or drugstores let their friends in to eat or rip what they need. Still, there are some scruples: says one A.P. radical, "to steal from the A. & P. is fine, but to steal from a little grocery store run by an old couple is unthinkable."

Activists have an advantage over squares: they require far less money to live and work. An average and ample income for a typical movement person is only between \$100 and \$150 a month. Yet \$100 can go a long way, given a whole infrastructure of radical institutions—funded largely by liberal contributions. There are co-ops providing cheap food in bulk for communal living, free clinics for quality medical aid for almost everything but major surgery, legal defense funds for free legal assistance and bail money in political cases. Radicals for the most part have no insurance and no credit payments. Furniture is inherited from friends, books borrowed from the library, transportation by bicycle or by thumb. "This country is so affluent," admits a Berkeley radical, "that we can live off its leavings."



JERRY RUBIN AT HUAC HEARINGS (1968)
Living off the country's leavings.

days. "We have never figured out our profit," says Editor Mark Hess, "because we're not into that sort of thing. We're still alive and well, and that's all that matters." To raise funds for the Progressive Labor Party, Harvard Senior John McKeon spent time in costume between acts during a recent university production of *Marat/Sade* (he played Marat) peddling P.L. magazines to audiences who seemed as stunned by the intermission activities as by the play.

Other radicals work for organizations that support the movement. Marge Battles, one of four paid New York staff members of the Viet Nam Peace Parade Committee, makes \$75 a week (\$125 less than she picked up at her last straight job as understudy for the second lead in *Cactus Flower*), but she has "got used to not buying new clothes," claims "the only real expense I have is my shrink." Trudi Young, 27, will earn \$3,000 this year as national coordinator of Women's Strike for Peace in Washington, D.C.; her husband's \$6,000-a-year salary as national student secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation puts their combined in-

TELEVISION

The Hampshire Saga

Way back in 1961, British Actress Susan Hampshire had a bash at Hollywood. Or, as she called it, "the Land of the Bottom Pinchers," where all the men have "crocodile wives and ulcers and gold-and-diamond rings they twist around their hairy fingers. The big shots also had arms they kept putting around me that managed to be long enough to reach my left breast." Susan recalls telling them: "I don't have to do that, I can act." So she returned home to become an international star—her way.

Her latest acknowledgment came this year in the U.S., where she has emerged as, of all things, the first sex symbol of educational television (if one ignores Julia Child). Susan is Fleur, the exquisite arch-bitch of *The Forsyte Saga*, a role for which she last week won an Emmy Award as the best actress in a dramatic series. In most of the 40-odd other countries that have been enthralled by the greatest soap opera ever filmed, Susan is already a major star. In Norway a mob of 60,000 turned out to see her—in a town of only 10,000.

Dyslexia Praecox. Susan started out with what should have been an insuperable handicap for an actress. She had dyslexia, a congenital brain condition that hampers her ability to read aloud. She still aches at memories of trying to get through London's Hampshire School (founded by her mother), "I remember standing up in class trying to read Shakespeare, and I could hear all the other children sniggering and laughing, because I'd be literally making it up. I remember thinking: when I grow up, people are not going to laugh at me. So I thought, who do they respect now? Elizabeth Taylor or someone. I'll be an actress."

Finally, at age 16, she gave up school and went into repertory. She had learned to read silently and to remember her parts, but auditions and first readings were, as she says, "torture. The producer or playwright would think: Who is this cocky girl mucking up our masterpiece that we've been working on for years?" But 18 months, two companies, and more than 100 roles later, she finally arrived on the West End, playing a show-stopping cameo in *Expresso Bongo* with Paul Scofield.

BBC work, the Sidney Furie film *During One Night*, and Hollywood followed. By the end of her stay there, the bottom pinchers and a California crime scare had reduced her to sleeping with a tear-gas gun under her pillow. She was also scared off by the proffered parts, some of the available co-stars ("I had never acted opposite a brick wall before"), and the long-indenturing contracts proposed by two studios. After five months, she headed home with nothing to show but a 30,000-word journal,

a real-life Nathanael West work that is too libelous to publish.

But once back in London, she was not above playing the starlet publicity game. Her main purpose was to try to free herself from the molasses morass of Disney pictures (*The Three Lives of Thomasina*) and from the "sweet, soppy, boring" debutante roles in which she was stuck. At one point, a columnist quoted her as saying she needed "somebody like Roger Vadim to bring me to full bloom."

To land the *Forsyte* role, Susan arranged her initial meeting with Producer Donald Wilson at a French restaurant



SUSAN AS FLEUR

Beyond the bottom pinchers.

in London. She arrived early and managed to be deep in fluent conversation with the maître d'hôtel when he arrived. "She knew," says Wilson, "that Fleur was half French. I thought that was an intelligent girl. And at once I was caught by her tremendous vivacity and the fact that she was very much a '20s figure, which was very important for Fleur." His casting choice was impeccable, for in every way she held her own in that top-class company. "*The Saga*," says Co-Star Eric Porter, "was her first opportunity to show her true merit and full range—love, hate, envy, remorse and so on—and she showed that she can be a sensitive, intelligent and deeply revealing actress."

After she finished *Saga*, Susan found her Frenchman. He turned out to be Pierre Granier-Deferre, who directed her first nude scene (with Charles Aznavour) in *Paris in August* and then married her. She now shuttles between a couple of cottages in Chelsea and an apartment in suburban Paris. France is for weekends and vacation, because it is about the only civilized country in the

world where Susan has any privacy—*Saga* has not played there yet.

Now 29, Susan is temporarily retired while awaiting her first child. After that she would like to do a season with the British National Theater, and make serious films. In her TV and movie roles since *Fleur* she has been typecast once more. But this time Susan Hampshire likes it. "I love playing what people call bad characters," she says. "They've got so much character."

Gangbusters, German-Style

There once was a con lady from the Ruhr called "Liquor Hilde" who made her living picking up elderly men in bars, going home with them, then drugging and robbing them. Not long ago, before getting down to work in a pigeon's apartment, she and he paused to watch West Germany's favorite TV show, *Aktenzeichen: XY . . . Ungelöst* (Case: XY . . . Unsolved). Suddenly, to her horror, the program began to dramatize her own racket and displayed a mug shot of Hilde herself. She snapped off the set, but it was too late. Although her victim failed to recognize her, one of his neighbors did. The police were alerted, and she was immediately arrested.

That is precisely the purpose of the hour-long monthly series. Each show presents four to six such real-life, unsolved crimes. Ninety minutes later, Narrator Eduard Zimmermann returns to the air with a progress report that is often amazing. Two of the six cases depicted on the April show, for example, were cracked that same night. In its 2½-year history, *XY* has solved 81 of the 164 crimes it has presented.

Because rewards are offered and the emphasis is on lurid cases exposing more sex and violence than is customary on fictional action shows, *XY* has risen to No. 1 in the ratings. A Spanish imitation of the show is also a hit and will go from bimonthly to weekly in July. A Danish version was canceled after three programs, no arrests and an accusation that the show had inspired a Copenhagen girl to attempt a bank robbery.

False Arrest. A Munich civil rights lawyer is now filing suit to bar *XY*. He charges that the show 1) creates the impression that the accused are guilty before they can receive a trial and 2) arouses a "chase fever because of the rewards." Zimmermann has made all Germans bounty hunters."

XY has in fact led to 15 false arrests. One man, jailed by mistake in Austria, committed suicide in his cell. Zimmermann still thinks the record of hits more than outweighs the errors. But he has another problem of his own. The show has now been running long enough that several fugitives have served their terms and have been released. Lest they look for vengeance, Zimmermann has installed an extra door on his Mainz home, deployed a huge sentry dog and bought a Walther automatic pistol for his night table.

ENVIRONMENT

Good News for Santa Barbara

In a calculated move to help pay for the Viet Nam War—without raising taxes—the Johnson Administration in 1968 invited oil companies to lease about 453,600 acres of federal waters for offshore oil and gas drilling in California's Santa Barbara Channel. The oilmen paid \$624 million for 70 leases. But just as the Nixon Administration took office in 1969, a massive underwater blowout began slopping 1,000 bbl. of oil a day over miles of Santa Barbara's white beaches, killing Santa Barbara's white beaches, killing marine creatures and raising a huge public outcry.

Last week President Nixon heeded the message. The President asked Congress to cancel 20 federal leases on 198,200 acres and establish a marine sanctuary in the Santa Barbara Channel. If Congress approves, the Government will compensate the oil companies for the 20 leases by selling crude oil from its federal reserve near Bakersfield, Calif. Courts will determine just how much the Government will pay. Since the area has not been fully explored, the oilmen may receive more than the \$178 million they put out for the leases.

The plan calls for three wells to continue operating in the sanctuary in order to reduce underwater pressure, which otherwise might cause further oil seepage. More important, drilling will continue near the sanctuary under 50 oil leases that are not affected by the Nixon proposal. "Any drilling on those leases will pose a continuing threat to the Southern California coastline," says California's Democratic Senator Alan Cranston. With Congress in a pollution-minded mood, the Nixon Administration may find its gesture applauded but deemed inadequate.

Solving the Power Problem

According to the U.S. Office of Emergency Preparedness, much of the nation faces a shortage of electricity this summer. Power failures may afflict Chicago, St. Louis and Minneapolis-St. Paul, plus most of the Eastern Seaboard from New York to Georgia. All these areas can expect regular "brownouts"—voltage reductions that dim lights, slow the whir of air conditioners to a whisper and obscure TV pictures with blizzards of snow.

The prediction has already been confirmed in embarrassing ways. Early this month, after mustering power-company executives to discuss the problem, New York State's Public Service Commission in Albany found itself literally powerless: a nearby transformer had failed. Shortly afterward, 2,500 leaders of the electricity industry were figuratively shocked at a conference in Boston when seven major turbines went out of service, causing all New England to lose 5% of its power supply.

Pull the Plug. In response to these warnings, President Nixon's adviser on consumer affairs, Mrs. Virginia H. Knauer, urged consumers to unplug refrigerators, freezers and electric stoves during brownouts: "This will prevent voltage irregularities from damaging your appliances." Moreover, the Nixon Administration is now considering a plan to reorganize the Atomic Energy Commission to deal exclusively with all forms of energy and to prevent future power shortages.

Power companies blame the problem on various unusual circumstances. For one, there is a shortage of both coal and available coal-carrying railroad cars. For another, natural gas—the best alternative fuel—is in even tighter supply. And,

conservationists' lawsuits have slowed the construction of nuclear power plants, which may cause thermal pollution and radiation dangers. If such obstacles could be overcome, the companies imply, there would be no crisis. But there is far more to the problem.

Often spurred by the utilities' own advertising campaigns, Americans are so avid for laborsaving machines that power output now doubles every ten years to meet demand. By the end of the century, some experts say, the nation's electricity requirements may well rise sixfold. Worse, the kilowatt craze poses serious problems not only for power companies but also for nature and human health.

Consider this scenario for the year 2000, drawn by the scientists of the St. Louis-based Committee for Environmental Information. Should present trends continue, they say, "power plants of all kinds would produce roughly enough heat to raise by 20° the total volume of water which runs over the surface of the U.S. in a year." The devastating effect of that hot water on man and nature, the scientists did not bother to describe. But half those plants (running on conventional fuels) would gush 8.75 billion tons of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere each year—enough to change the globe's climate. The other half (nuclear powered) would increase the level of background radiation by as much as 2% a year—enough to have "unforeseeable effects on the world's living things, including man."

Another noxious effluent of power plants is sulfur oxide, a key air pollutant that has been linked with respiratory ailments in man. After studying the SO₂ problem, a panel of industrial engineers and chemists from the National Academy of Engineering of the National Research Council glumly reported: "Contrary to widely held opinions, commercially proven technology available for



MANHATTAN SKYLINE DURING 1965 BLACKOUT

When it snows on TV, start collecting old cars and used paper.

control of sulfur oxides from combustion processes does not exist." If no immediate action is taken, the engineers added, the amount of sulfur in the air will increase more than fourfold by the end of the century.

New Approach. The engineers urge Government and industry to develop new techniques to remove or recapture most sulfur before it leaves the stacks. Even these improvements may do little more than hold the amount of sulfur oxides in the air to present levels. As the experts see it, the U.S. should create SO₂-free fuels—for which consumers would duly pay more.

The real need is for a "wholly new approach," says the Northern Environmental Council, which comprises 21 conservation and civic groups in the upper Midwest. The council recommends an ad campaign urging citizens to reduce power demands by turning off unnecessary lights. It also wants to link the Midwest's power resources with those of the Missouri Valley and the Pacific Northwest. Thus power could be shunted back and forth to meet peak load requirements in the three regions—each of which lies in a different time zone. Finally, the council suggests revising the formulas for determining the price of power so that the more electricity a consumer uses, the more he pays. At present most utilities reduce rates for big users.

Even bigger changes are proposed by the Committee for Environmental Information. Its scientists note that industry uses 41% of the nation's electricity; homes and commercial users split 49% (the other 10% is lost in transmission). If the industrial uses were revamped, the scientists argue, there would be ample power for everybody.

Bock to Tin Cans. According to the scientists, metal production is the place to start. Steel, for example, should replace aluminum wherever possible. Statistics give the reason: making a ton of aluminum takes 17,000 kw-h of power, while a ton of steel requires only 2,700 kw-h. In addition, steel products, especially cars, could be redesigned for easier and fuller re-use. To reclaim a ton of scrap steel in an electric furnace requires only 700 kw-h. Another plus for steel would be a return to "tin" (mostly steel) cans that rust away, compared with aluminum cans that last and litter the landscape for decades.

The scientists point to other products that consume vast amounts of power and have unfortunate side effects—for example, the serious water pollution that is caused by runoff from nitrogen fertilizer and the manufacture of pulp and paper. Instead of throwing away paper, which accounts for 80% of the trash disposal problem, Americans should reprocess it to make more paper and save power as well. Meantime, alternate sources of energy should be harnessed as quickly as possible. They could include nuclear fusion, sunlight, even the earth's own heat.

Father knows best.



Show him you do too.
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The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.

Understandably expensive.

Seagram's Crown Royal, Blended Canadian Whisky, 80 Proof.
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ART

Craftsman for Today, Dreamer for Tomorrow

VICTOR VASARELY's first visit to the Provençal village of Gordes was devoured by an implacable sun have revealed to me a contradictory perspective," he wrote. "Never can the eye identify to what a given shadow or strip of wall belongs: solids and voids merge into one another, forms and backgrounds alternate, a given square jumps up or slithers downward depending on whether I couple it with a dark green spot or a piece of pale sky. Thus, identifiable things are transmuted into abstractions and begin their own independent life." From that moment on, Vasarely's canvas was to become a visual theater expressing the permutations of light, space and movement—in short, what has come to be known as Op art.

That was 1948, and Vasarely has been returning to Gordes every summer since. Last week the whole village turned out to honor the sinewy Hungarian, who long ago was tacitly adopted as an honorary citizen. Down from Paris flew a host of artists, critics and dignitaries, led by Mme. Georges Pompidou, to attend the opening of the Vasarely Foundation in Gordes, a combination research center and public museum containing 1,500 of Vasarely's works. To house the foundation, the city rented to the painter the massive 16th century Château de Gordes for a symbolic one franc a year.

Out of Folklore. Vasarely's debt to Mondrian, Malevich and Seurat is apparent and acknowledged. But what Vasarely did was to build on the somewhat dry ideas of the Bauhaus and suffuse them with new life—the life of shifting perspectives, vibrant color harmonies and weighted geometric shapes. The deep, rich tonalities of such paintings as *Chom* and *Axo-77*, for which he often credits Hungarian folklore, are designed to give the viewer a sense of balance and well-being. In other works, like *Ond-JG*, the illusion of bulging forms acts as a magnetic force pulling the viewer into the painting.

An articulate theoretician who prefers to be called a craftsman rather than a painter, Vasarely was born in Hungary in 1908. He made a stab at medical studies, then signed up at the Budapest Bauhaus, which had been established by the painter Bortnyik after a visit to Germany. In

1930, he went to Paris. There, he was able to make a living as a draftsman for several large publicity firms. He kept up his own experimenting on the side.

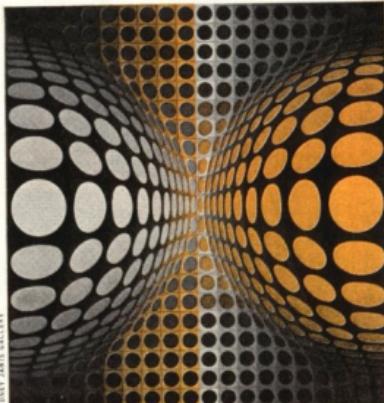
One of the most remarkable works of that period, *Fille-Fleur*, is at once colored with nostalgic memories of the bright costumes of his homeland and, in its ellipses and squares, prophetic of the direction that Vasarely would take. It was not until after the war that the artist, spurred on by the enterprising Paris deal-

er Denise René, was able to devote himself full time to his art. He read numerous scientific volumes and decided that Mondrian and Malevich had written *fini* to easel painting. "Pure physics suddenly revealed itself before my dazed eyes as the new poetic source," he recalls. By 1955, he had developed an alphabet—"planetary folklore," he calls it—composed of geometric forms and basic colors capable of infinite arrangements.

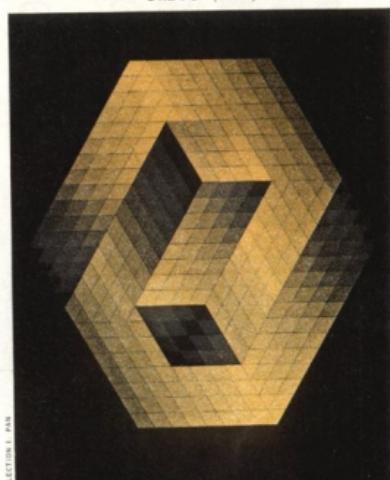
Today Vasarely, 62, lives in an 18th century villa on the outskirts of Paris, where he draws up coded "scores" with pencil and ruler for ten assistants to transfer onto canvas. The very idea of allowing assistants to do his paintings is considered heresy by some, but it is fundamental to Vasarely's belief that the unique work of art is a thing of the past. After all, he points out, "it is the original idea that is unique, not the object itself. There is such a great interdependence today that we do nothing alone. The artist may have the idea, but he depends on the chemist for his colors, and the engineer, architect and even the manufacturer help him realize it." Scornful of the practice of speculating in art, he deliberately seeks to subvert the system by selling only "enlargements" made by his assistants, never the original "score."

Double-Dealing. "I am like a Trojan horse," he says. "I allow my paintings to go to collectors in order to destroy this whole conception of the unique picture. I admit this is a bit of double-dealing, but no one is willing to subsidize my work. I need collectors in order to live. Elementary dialectics tells us trail blazers to take what we need from the declining society in which we live while preparing its downfall."

Vasarely has long espoused something akin to esthetic socialism—the belief that art today must not be something "to tickle the senses" of the elite but a force in beautifying the environment for all. At his foundation, he hopes to accomplish just that by bringing together artists, sociologists and scientists to work on better urban design. Only through a marriage to architecture, he says, will art survive in the future. He dreams of a day when whole cities may be done in pastels or brilliant colors exploding like fireworks. Looking, presumably, more or less like Vasarelys.



"*Ond-JG*" (1968)



"*Gestalt-Sang*" (1969)

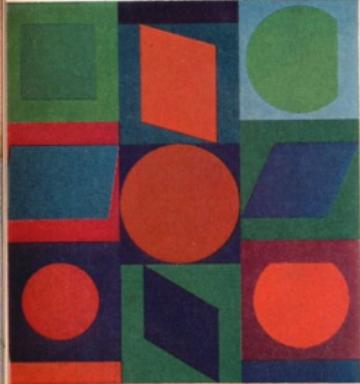
Fille-Fleur (1932) is one of first works in which Vasarely used circles and ellipses mounted in squares. "An instinc-

tive work," he says, "that reassures me I have followed one fundamental path throughout my career."

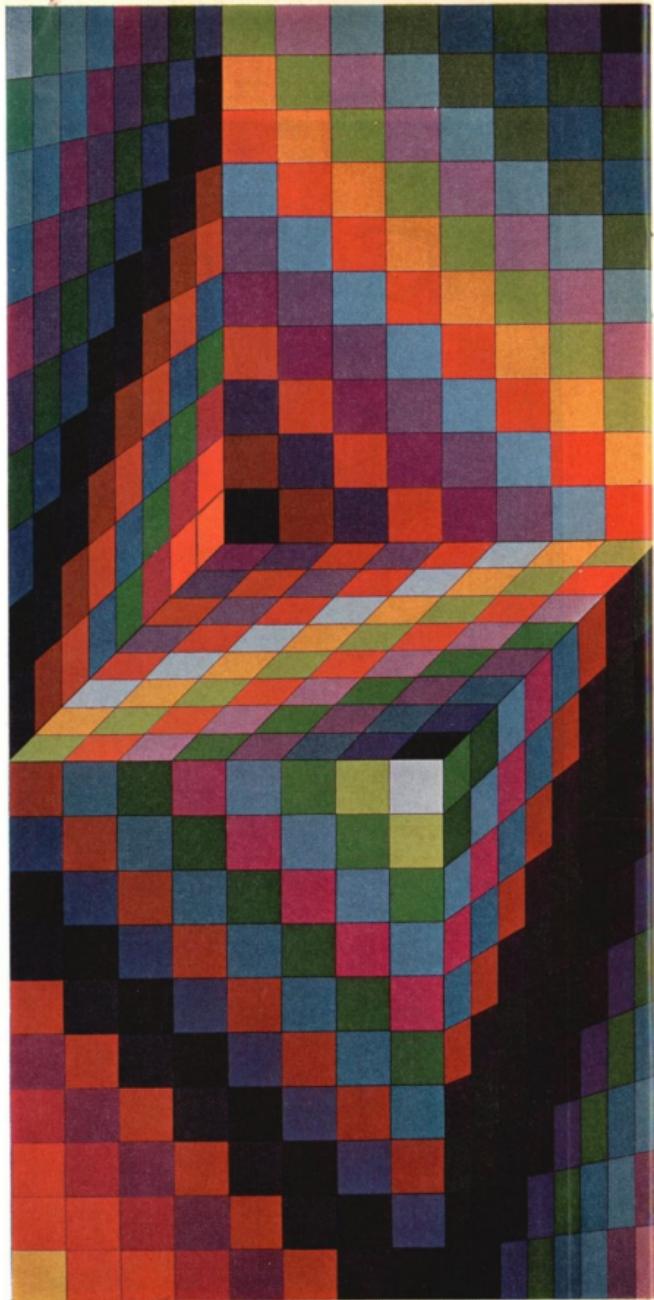


Axo-77 (1969) shows the latest development in Vasarely's painting. "Giving a third and fourth dimension," says the artist, "it expresses both volume and movement through the backward-forward impulses of two cubes. Here I move from my color period to one of permutable mutability. It is ambiguous because you don't quite know which cube is advancing and which receding."

COLLECTION GALERIE DENISE RENEE, PARIS



Chom (1965), named for a wild Hungarian berry, represents what Vasarely calls his "planetary folklore." The illusion of expanding and contracting forms on a plane surface was developed after intense studies in relativity, wave mechanics, cybernetics and astrophysics.



SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY, NEW YORK

MUSIC

At the Where?

*Don't look us up at the Strand,
'Cause we'll be playing Pelleas et
Mélisande.
Oh, you can always catch our act at
the Met.*

—Two on the Aisle

Last week, like Parsifal finally reaching the shrine of the Holy Grail, an English rock quartet known as The Who made it to Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera and sold out the house twice in one day. The fateful occasion, twin performances of their so-called rock opera *Tommy*, was the first time any kind of pop music had ever been heard at the Met. The historic program had been arranged by Rock Promoters Nathan Weiss and Bill Graham, who made the deal with Met General Manager Rudolf Bing. "Perhaps," said Bing, "some of these young people will come back when we do Mozart and Verdi."

Whether they will or not, the two concerts were the absolute apex of the hippie social season. If the kids who turned up were not dressed to the teeth, they were at least dressed to the noses. In addition to the usual headbands, see-through tops, togas, bell-bottoms and union jack-ets, many of the girls had their noses painted in art nouveau pinks and blues. Bare feet pattered up and down the red-carpeted aisles while the sweet, light, pervasive smell of pot drifted through the darkness toward the ceiling.

Onstage stood a mighty fortress of loudspeakers, looking like one of the barricades in *Il Trovatore*. As the thundering music began to jar the building, Met Assistant Manager Francis Robinson cowered inside a soundproof booth at the rear of the hall, touching his fingertips incredulously to the trembling walls. "Feel it," he said. At the end, when the group was boozed for refusing to play an encore, *Tommy*'s Composer Peter Townshend put the audience down emphatically by filling the historic hall with a distinctly nonoperatic four-letter word. Bing was more restrained. "I didn't understand a thing about *Tommy* myself," he said, "but then I don't understand everything about *Don Giovanni* either."

Things to Come. In truth, *Tommy* is a creation likely to cause a certain perplexity in the mind as well as in the middle ear. Thematically it is a parable about a boy who grows deaf, dumb and blind after watching his father kill his mother's lover. Because of his exceptional sense of touch, however, he becomes a pinball champion. Later, miraculously cured, he becomes a pinball messiah and finally the leader of a quasi-religious state. When he insists that his followers play pinball with their mouths gagged, their eyes blindfolded, their ears plugged with stoppers—in sum, with his old handicaps—they



ROGER DALTRY, DRUMMER KEITH MOON & PETER TOWNSHEND IN "TOMMY"
For the rock faithful, an encouraging myth and a four-letter word.

rebel and overthrow him. *Tommy's* empire falls into ruins.

To the young, who have been known to feel that parents and the leaders of the state are deaf, dumb and blind to them, *Tommy* has strong symbolic meaning. Yet its arrival at the Met, via the Fillmore East, several European opera houses and a record sale of \$2,000,000, is less a triumph for music than proof of the maxim that if you say something loud enough and long enough, people will believe it. *Tommy* is not an opera, of course, but an extended song cycle. It does have its moments: *Pinball Wizard*, for example, is explosive, driving, topnotch-hard rock. As a complete piece of musical theater, though, *Tommy* is pretentious and embarrassing stuff from one of the most gimmick-prone groups in all rock. The Who's favorite pre-*Tommy* stunt was to smash their guitars, loudspeakers and drums at the end of every set. At the Met, save for their own vaudeville antics onstage (Singer Roger Daltrey twirling his mike like a lasso, Peter Townshend playing his guitar with showy windmills of his right arm), there was no drama, no staging, no characterization. So little, in fact, that though The Who played only two-thirds of the complete work at the Met, no one, not even the critics, seemed to notice.

For the young, *Tommy* strikes a responsive chord not as a living musical drama but as a hopeful sign that pop forms like rock may have the vocabulary and expressive scope to deal with important subjects on a broad symphonic and operatic range. Every troubled society or social group needs its own encouraging myths and fables. From that point of view, for the rock world *Tommy* is at least a start.

Sing, Cetacea, Sing!

Whales are extraordinary animals. Besides being the largest creatures on this planet, they apparently possess a sense of humor, a reasonably well-developed conversational skill, and an inordinate amount of musical ability. According to an accumulation of scientific findings, they lumber through the oceans belching raga-like compositions of extraordinary length and complexity. On the other hand, whale intelligence may leave something to be desired, for they seem about to embark on a career in the music business. Humpback whales have just made a record. And last week whales were performing with the New York Philharmonic in a new work, *And God Created Great Whales*, by Composer Alan Hovhaness.

The eerie whale songs* seemed a natural complement to the otherworldly, mystical music of Hovhaness. He is one of the few composers today who has a distinctive, instantly identifiable style. His compositions stick to conservative harmonies, relying heavily on *ostinato*, and reveling in lush, big-scale orchestration. They are immensely colorful and oddly moving. *And God Created Great Whales* began with muttering string noises and a submarine roar on the drums, followed by leviathan trombones diving in and out of rushing violins. Finally the great cetaceans themselves appeared, via tape recording. They sang with an astounding range of tone and expressiveness—from a stratospher-

* The word song is accepted by scientists and musicians because whales, like birds, utter sounds in sequences that are repeated. The song of the whale, however, is far more complex than that of most birds, lasting anywhere from six to 30 minutes.

Father Hill vs. Fanny Hill

We'd like to introduce Father Hill. Fanny Hill needs no introduction, not even to kids. And, this is what Father Hill is trying to do something about. He's a member of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography.

Along with a lot of other people, Father Hill doesn't believe that youngsters should be able to find on the corner newsstand, publications depicting masochism, homosexuality and a variety of other forms of perversion.

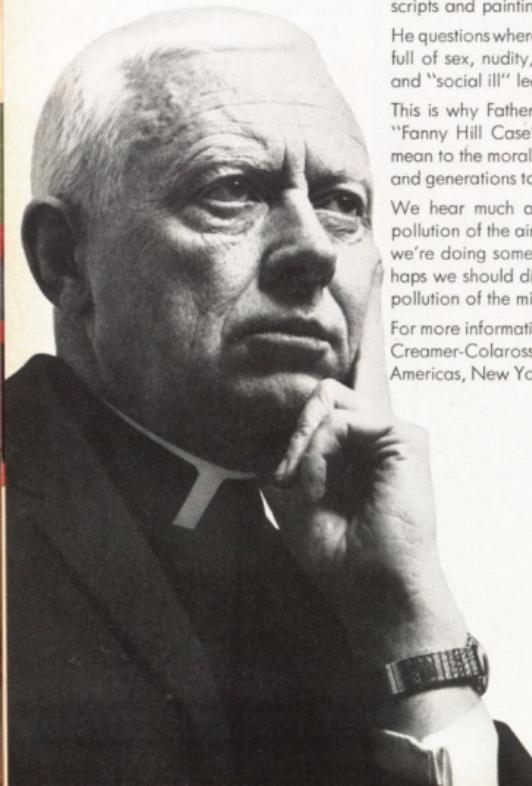
He doesn't think parents should have to race their children to the mailbox so they won't see the literature on sexual devices, erotic manuscripts and paintings.

He questions where the "social value" in a movie full of sex, nudity, incest and illicit love begins and "social ill" leaves off.

This is why Father Hill is concerned about the "Fanny Hill Case" and what this ruling could mean to the moral orientation of this generation and generations to come.

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ic wail that might have come from the throat of a 40-ton canary to the rumble of a stupendous Model T with a cracked muffler. As background the tapes carried the sound of ocean waves, which Hovhaness skillfully blended with cymbals and gongs. The whales were accompanied by whooping brass glissandi, glockenspiels, tam-tams and bass drum. When it was all over, the audience applauded enthusiastically, though it remained unclear whether their applause had been for Composer Hovhaness or the whales themselves. Backstage, the whale voices had already been nicknamed "Beverly," "Birgit" and "Cesare."

For Hovhaness and for Conductor André Kostelanetz, who had conceived the collaboration, the performance had ecological as well as musical overtones. Though whales furnish no products that cannot be found elsewhere or duplicated synthetically, the animals are still being slaughtered at the rate of more than 50,000 each year, mostly by Japan and the Soviet Union. Kostelanetz first got the idea for the composition by listening to *Songs of the Humpback Whale*, a recent recording made by Rockefeller University Biologist Dr. Roger Payne and Acoustics Engineer Frank Watlington of Columbia University, and issued by Communications Research Machines Inc. of Del Mar, Calif. The record is part of a growing program initiated by the New York Zoological Society and designed to stir public interest in saving whales from extinction. Says Hovhaness: "We've got to preserve everything we can on this planet. It's God's own little spaceship. Everything counts."

Dr. Bob Sums Up

It's Dr. Bob Dylan now. Though he is the most reclusive figure in rock today, Dylan showed up at Princeton University last week to receive an honorary doctorate "as one of the most creative popular musicians of the last decade." Dylan did not make a speech. He did not have to. His personal summing up was about to come out on a two-LP album (Columbia) appropriately entitled *Self Portrait*. For a man who charged his way through the 1960s like an Orpheus in Hades, the Dylan of *Self Portrait* is in an astonishingly contemplative mood. As with *John Wesley Harding* (1968) and *Nashville Skyline* (1969), the old fire of protest burns low. Obviously, there is time now to look around, time to accept tributes and time to bestow them in return.

Perhaps the album's most startling moment is hearing the prophet who once sang *Masters of War* and *The Times They Are A-Changin'* now croon his way like Bing Crosby into a classic from the 1930s:

*Blue moon, you saw me standing alone,
Without a dream in my heart,
Without a love of my own.*

As a tribute to Rodgers and Hart, complete with humming chicks in the back-

ground, *Blue Moon* is schmaltzy but fun: a lighthearted and amusing wave at an era that preceded Dylan's birth. Even better are his versions of Paul Simon's *The Boxer* and Gordon Lightfoot's *Early Mornin' Rain*, the one just a shade more punchy than the original, the other just a shade more dawn-lit. Best of the borrowed songs, though, are his soft-slipped strolls through the California Gold Rush song *Days of '49* and the woodsmythic American folk song *Copper Kettle*, as well as a brisk canter down that paean to a restless heart, *Gotta Travel On*.

But as the album cover (a self-portrait in oils, blue-nosed and rather grotesque) makes clear, this is an album primarily about where Bob Dylan has been. *Like a Rolling Stone* and, at long last, *The Mighty Quinn*, both recorded live at the Isle of Wight concert last year with The Band, are swinging



DYLAN BY DYLAN

A crooning prophet and humming chicks, mementos of the great years before Dylan's retirement in 1966. Even new songs like *It Hurts Me Too* and *Living the Blues* recall the sturdy timbers of *John Wesley Harding* and the country leisure of *Nashville Skyline*.

These exercises in nostalgia will be no help for the Dylan faithful, who regularly look to him for an indication of pop music's next new direction. The best they can do is ponder several of the new Dylan songs that seem to be exploratory sketches from a low-key musical notebook. There is, for example, *Wigwam*, in which Dylan goes "da-da-da-da" to a slow marching tune while—believe it or not—a choir of bugles and low brass urges him along.

Then there are *Little Sadie* and *In Search of Little Sadie*, two versions of the same song, in which Dylan changes harmonic direction as often as a half-back zigzagging for the goal line. Finally, there is *All the Tired Horses*, a poignant "original" spiritual, in which Dylan does not sing at all, just leaves it to an all-girl chorus. How's that for a new direction?



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SPORT

Full Sail Ahead

Building a better 12-meter racing yacht for the America's Cup is a bit like trying to reshape Raquel Welch. A naval architect can trim her here, pad her there, but what counts in the end is how well all the parts move together. Last week, after years of designing and testing, the three U.S. contenders for the 1970 America's Cup showed their shapes in public in a five-day series of trial races. Snub-nosed and broad-beamed, none would win a yachting beauty contest. Yet once they were under sail, all their parts seemed to join in swift, sleek harmony.

Most of the time, that is. The preliminary trials are a time for making mistakes, a time to work out the kinks in boats and boatmen. In the opening races between the brand-new *Valiant* and the refurbished *Intrepid*, there were kinks aplenty. On the second leg of the first race, for example, *Valiant* was threatening to take the lead when her genoa jib ripped. In the next race, *Valiant* was troubled by the wash from the 125-boat spectator fleet, a faulty backstay and a spinnaker sheet that snapped with a sharp bang, causing the sail to flap wildly until the crew could wrestle it down. During a race against *Heritage* later in the week, *Intrepid*'s spinnaker halyard jammed, and she had to limp along like a wounded bird until a crewman was hoisted aloft in a bosun's chair to free the flapping sail. The breakdowns and the occasionally sloppy crew work made it exceedingly difficult to assess any of the boats' chances. Yet at week's end *Valiant* appeared to have a slight edge over *Intrepid*, while *Heritage* trailed far in their wakes.

Hard fought though they were, the preliminaries have little bearing on which of the three slender sloops will be selected to defend the cup for the U.S. That will be decided in the final trials off Newport, R.I., beginning Aug. 18. Nonetheless, the races afforded yachting fans their first look at the sleek new fleet of U.S. 12-meters. The differences are subtle, for under the restrictive and complex formula for the 12-meter class,⁸ breakthroughs are carefully measured in

inches and ounces. The U.S. boats: *VALIANT* is the early favorite for the simple reason that her designer, Olin Stephens, has already created three 12-meter cup winners—*Columbia* in 1958, *Constellation* in 1964 and *Intrepid* in 1967. His latest design is a beamy, white-and-gold sloop that stretches 63 ft. in length. Broad in her forward sections and slim in the stern, she has been dubbed "the tadpole." *Valiant's* keel is smaller than the old *Intrepid's*, her trim tab larger. A Stephens innovation for 12-meters, the trim tab on the aft end of the keel helps to reduce drift to leeward and can be used as an auxiliary rudder in tight turns. *Valiant's* reverse transom rolls down more smoothly toward the waterline, reducing excess weight in hull and deck. As with *Intrepid*, *Valiant's* ten-man crew work their winches below deck, thereby lowering wind resistance as well as the boat's center of gravity. *Valiant* carries 1,750 sq. ft. of sail, less than usual for a 12-meter. Under the cup formula, the reduced sail area allowed Stephens to build a bigger boat; theoretically, at least, the longer the waterline, the faster the boat. *INTREPID* should probably be rechristened *Son of Intrepid*. Designer Britton Chance Jr., 29, has altered the 1967 cup winner so much that it is virtually

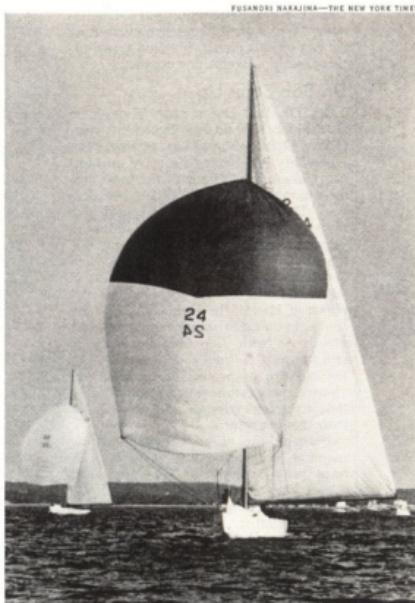
a new boat. According to one rival designer, Chance "performed a hysterectomy on her keel," radically shortening and reshaping it in an effort to give the boat more "lift" to windward and help it perform better in lighter winds. The bow and stern remain the same, but the afterbody has been made fuller with the addition of plastic molding. *Intrepid's* center steering wheel has been replaced by two wheels on either side of the cockpit, allowing the skipper to vary his vantage point. In addition to the two-wheel drive, Chance plans to add a light-boom partly made of a new space-age material called carbon-fiber.

HERITAGE is the first 12-meter designed, constructed, sponsored and skippered by one man. He is Charles Morgan Jr., a Florida yacht-builder and an experienced ocean racer. Though his do-it-yourself venture extends to cutting his own sails, he likes to call his 62-ft. 6-in. sloop the "people's boat," a reference to the many Floridians, including Boy Scouts and housewives, who have contributed money for her construction. She is, by Morgan's description, "a big mamoo," beefy in the middle and stubby at the ends. Like the other contenders, *Heritage* has a deck that is as clean as a dance floor; her rig, says Morgan, is "bendy as a buggy whip." Though his ship is distinctly a long shot, Morgan says that nothing is going to stop him from "fulfilling my wildest dream."

Not even his susceptibility to seasickness.

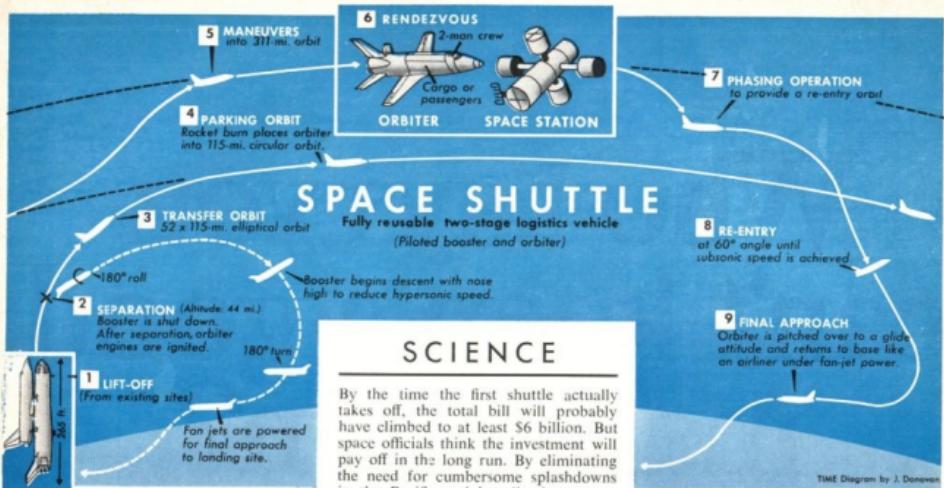
U.S. boats have never been bested in the 119-year history of the America's Cup, but this year's competition from abroad promises to be the stiffest ever. While the American boats have just begun their shakedown cruises, the Australian challenger, *Gretel II*, has been in the water since February racing against the original *Gretel*, challenger in 1962. Though *Gretel II* has had her problems, at last report she was "finding her groove."

In Europe, seemingly all Gaul has rallied behind *L'Association Française pour la Coupe de L'America*. Baron Marcel Bich, head of the Paris-based Bic ballpoint pen company, has spent four years and more than \$2,000,000 developing his country's first cup contender. He even went so far as to commission Britton Chance Jr. to design a new 12-meter to be used as a trial horse for the challenging French sloop. Christened *France*, she is being shipped to Newport in late August for the right to challenge the U.S. defender in a best-of-seven series beginning Sept. 15. For competitors and spectators alike there is one long, furious summer of sailing ahead.



"INTREPID" v. "VALIANT"
Like trying to reshape Raquel.

⁸ $L + 2d + \sqrt{S} - F/2.37$: L represents the length of the boat, d the girth difference, S the sail area and F the freeboard. Each factor is determined by complex measurement formulas; each can be varied as long as the final equation does not exceed 39.37 ft.—or 12 meters.



SCIENCE

By the time the first shuttle actually takes off, the total bill will probably have climbed to at least \$6 billion. But space officials think the investment will pay off in the long run. By eliminating the need for cumbersome splashdowns in the Pacific and by allowing expensive hardware to be re-used for perhaps 100 flights, shuttles will sharply reduce the cost of putting men and material into space. That price now comes to more than \$1,000 for every pound lifted into orbit by NASA's non-reusable Saturn 5 boosters. Shuttles should reduce the tab to \$50 per lb. or less.

The first U.S. space station, Skylab 1, which is scheduled for orbiting with three men on board in late 1972, will not require a space shuttle. The launch vehicle will be a Saturn 5 booster left over from the Apollo program. In fact, NASA officials hinted last week that they may cancel next year's Apollo 15 moon flight and possibly one of the subsequent moon shots to free more Saturn 5s for space stations. But ultimately only space shuttles offer a really economical method of provisioning and rotating the crews of larger stations such as the twelve-man orbiting laboratory planned for the late 1970s. The Russians, who may well be testing space-station systems on the Soyuz 9 two-man mission (which at week's end had completed its twelfth day in space), are also expected to service their stations with shuttles.

Scorching Re-Entry Heat. In theory, space shuttles should be relatively easy to build. The essential "boost-glide" principle by which a rocket could climb into space and return gently back to earth was known to Nazi rocketeers, who proposed using it during World War II to send winged missiles on bombing missions across the Atlantic. But theory may be hard to put into practice. Any successful shuttle craft will have to incorporate the essential features of both high-speed rockets and ordinary aircraft. It must, for example, be able to operate in the vacuum of space, withstand the scorching heat of re-entry and land at about 140 m.p.h.

The Next Giant Step

Hitched tightly together, the two rockets look like a mother whale uncomfortably carrying its huge baby on its back. After they lift off from the pad, their configuration becomes even more extraordinary. At an altitude of 44 miles the mother ship unleashes its offspring; then, guided by a two-man crew, it dives back toward earth, using auxiliary jet engines and stubby, finlike wings to touch down like an ordinary aircraft. The smaller rocket ship continues to soar until it reaches a "parking" orbit about 115 miles high. After a single swing around the earth, it resumes its climb, gingerly approaches its target, and then docks with a huge, slowly rotating space station. Once the passengers—several scientists and engineers, two Congressmen, a doctor and a journalist—have disembarked through an airlock, the ship frees itself from the station, drops back toward earth and re-enters the atmosphere at a sharp nose-up angle that quickly slows it down. Like the mother ship, it then fires up the fan jets hidden in its tail and flies to a landing on an ordinary airport runway.

A rerun of *2001: A Space Odyssey*? Not really. Despite its science-fiction quality, this voyage may be much closer to reality than even the movie scenarist imagined. In fact, NASA officials are so anxious to proceed with the development of the first re-usable space shuttle system that a test flight may be made within five years.

It will be an expensive trip. Separate contracts for competing shuttle proposals have already been awarded by NASA to design teams headed by McDonnell Douglas Corp. and North American Rockwell Corp. Other contracts are expected to be signed in the weeks ahead.

The shape of such a versatile craft could take several forms. But NASA is already leaning toward a design that looks something like a cross between a Saturn 5 and the body of a 747 jetliner. Both the launching vehicle, which is comparable to the first stage of an ordinary rocket, and the smaller orbiter would be stubby-winged and high-tailed, with rocket engines and possibly the jets mounted in the aft sections of their elongated fuselages.

Spying in the Sky. As NASA's non-paying partner in the project, however, the Air Force may push for a sleeker design. While the space agency will be satisfied with a shuttle that can fly up to 230 miles to either side of its scheduled re-entry path, the Air Force wants that capability increased to 1,700 miles even at a sacrifice of payload. Reason: with its own spy-in-the-sky Manned Orbital Lab (MOL) killed off for budgetary reasons, it sees potential military applications in the space shuttle—for example, as a reconnaissance vehicle or satellite interceptor. So the Air Force understandably wants the shuttle to be capable of reaching friendly airfields in almost any emergency.

Whatever the final design, the space shuttle is unquestionably a crucial step in further manned exploration of space. Any manned expedition to Mars, for example, would probably begin with the assembling in orbit of a large spacecraft by relays of space shuttles; using that technique, NASA can avoid building the impractically huge rocket needed for a launch directly from earth. Wernher von Braun, NASA's new chief of advanced planning, is thus one of the more enthusiastic advocates of the space shuttle. Development of such a vehicle, he says, is "one of the most exciting and at the same time most difficult problems the agency is about to tackle."

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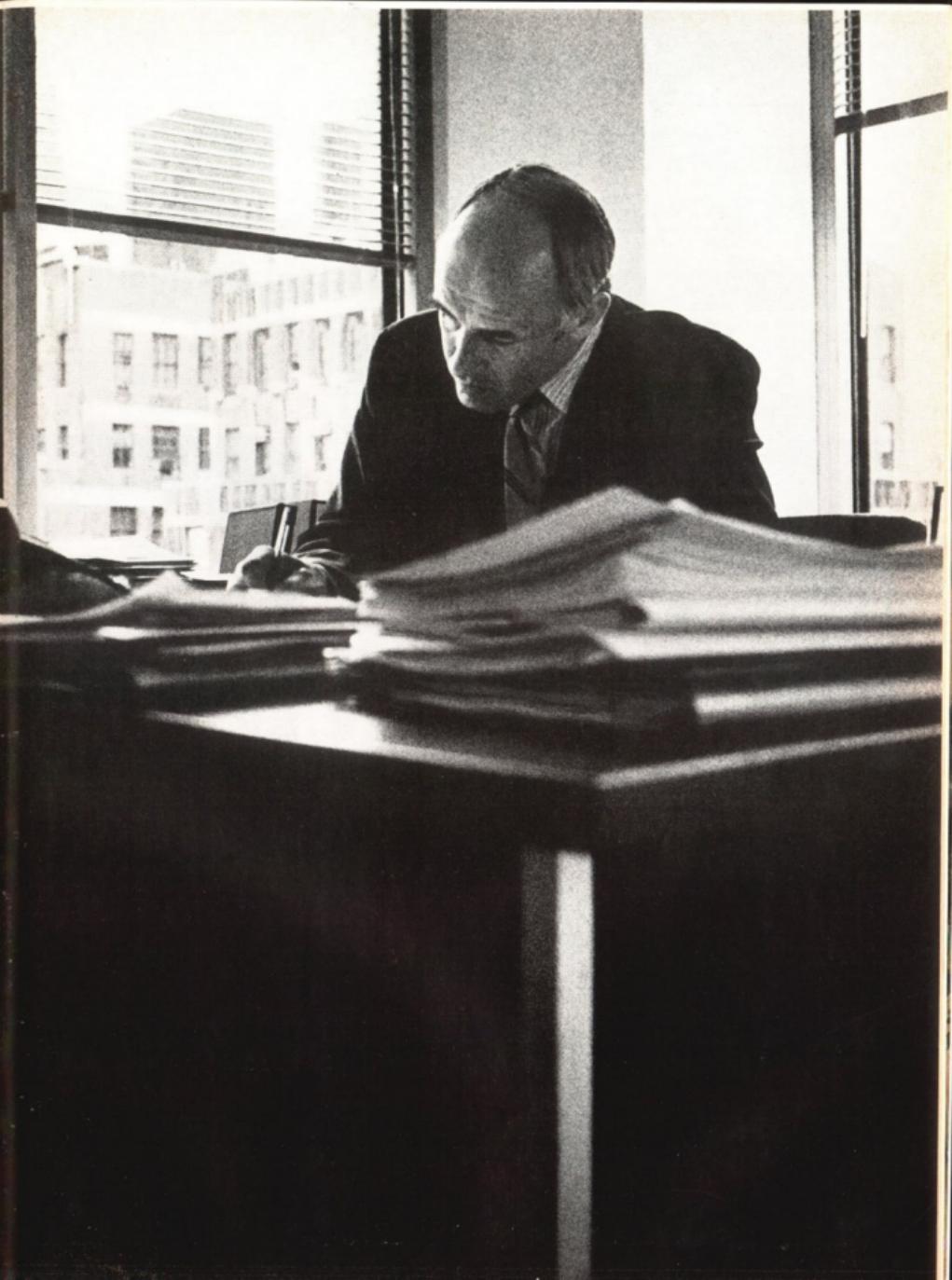
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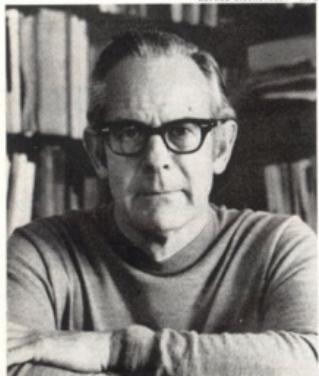
BEHAVIOR

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HALF a lifetime has passed since that experience befell Rollo May. He took from it the principle that illu-

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT—LIFE



EXISTENTIALIST MAY
Living with death's shadow.

minates his life and unites the psychotherapeutic school of which he is perhaps the most prominent and certainly the most articulate American member. The principle—that awareness of death is not opposed to, but essential to life—runs like a spine down May's latest work, *Love and Will*. Published last September by Norton, the book languished for months before popping up on the bestseller list in February. Today, 89,000 copies later, *Love and Will* is still there.

Disturbing Alternative. This feat is all the more remarkable because May, now a vigorous 61, espouses a theory that is unpopular in his professional field and almost unknown beyond it. He is an existential therapist. This practice, which claims only a few hundred adherents in the U.S., is dismissed in some quarters as either trivial or derivative. For ordinary travelers, the theory makes heavy going indeed. *Love and Will* demands of even the most persistent reader the same emotional and in-

tellectual commitment that the author made three decades ago.

The old values—the myths and institutions with which civilization consoles itself and explains the unexplainable—are everywhere under attack and crumbling. Bereft of their support, says May, contemporary man faces a deeply disturbing alternative. He must either look to himself for the meaning of life, or he must decide that he and life have no meaning. All too readily, man takes the latter course.

Airless Refuge. "We cling to each other and try to persuade ourselves that what we feel is love," writes May. "We do not will because we are afraid that if we choose one thing or one person we'll lose the other, and we are too insecure to take that chance." The individual retires to what May calls "feelinglessness," from which it is only a short step to apathy. And from apathy, it is only another step to violence.

Not all the world's disenchanted are lured into taking that final step. In May's judgment, apathy, not hate, is the antonym of love, just as detachment—not indecision—is the opposite of will. Some settle for the airless refuge that offers an anodyne for the anguish of being—commitment to life. Those who seek safe harbor become what C. Wright Mills called "cheerful robots" and Wilhelm Reich "living machines." They have opted out of life; they have surrendered the ability to be.

But many feel compelled to strike out blindly against the one implacable adversary of life that never loses. Alone among the living, man knows that he is going to die. In a time that questions the comforting belief in a better world to come and that also challenges the point of this one, the temptation is strong to deny both life and death. Many men do—at exorbitant psychic cost. "No one who has worked with patients for a long period of time," May writes, "can fail to learn that the psychological and spiritual agony of depersonalization is harder to bear than physical pain."

There are ways to deny the painful transitoriness of existence at culturally permissible levels. Sex is one of them, and May devotes a large part of his book to examining the "new puritanism," which escapes the commitments of love by concentrating on the act. In the present obsession with physical sex, he sees a desperate campaign to beat the clock: "Death is the symbol of ultimate impotence and finiteness," he writes. "Sex is the easiest way to prove our vitality, to demonstrate we are still 'young,' attractive, and virile, to prove we are not dead yet."

In the sheer mechanics of sex the participant can prove, at least to himself,

that he is not alone. Like the technician in the age of technology, he can insist that the machine needs him. He can defeat, if only for the moment, "the utterly unbearable situation of anonymity." And he can accomplish this without getting involved, without resorting to violence. But when such halfway measures fail, the individual who denies his autonomy confronts a more dreadful alternative: convinced at last of his own valuelessness, he must revolt against this self-abasement. "To inflict pain and torture at least proves that one can affect somebody," writes May. "To be actively hated is almost as good as to be actively liked."

Love and Will invites its readers to embark on an even more hazardous and painful course: to recover the lost sense of self by accepting the shadow of death. To May and the existentialists,

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



MACKENNA'S "GRIEF"
From apathy to violence.

life is a moving sliver of time between what was and what will be. Man, too, is ever in motion: a process rather than a product, of which all that can be said with any certainty is that it will one day end. But to this school it is the inevitability and awareness of death that defines life and liberates the human will to act and to be. Writes May: "Abraham Maslow" is profoundly right when he wonders whether we could love passionately if we knew we'd never die."

Self-Imprisoned. It is just here that existential thought seemingly departs from the mainstream. To Freud, man was the hapless prisoner of his past. The best that he could hope for in the present was a truce with those stern and deterministic taskmasters whom Freud called the Super Ego and the Id. The goal of life was "adjustment." Hence it

⁶ Humanist psychologist, formerly president of the American Psychological Association, who died last week (see MILESTONES).

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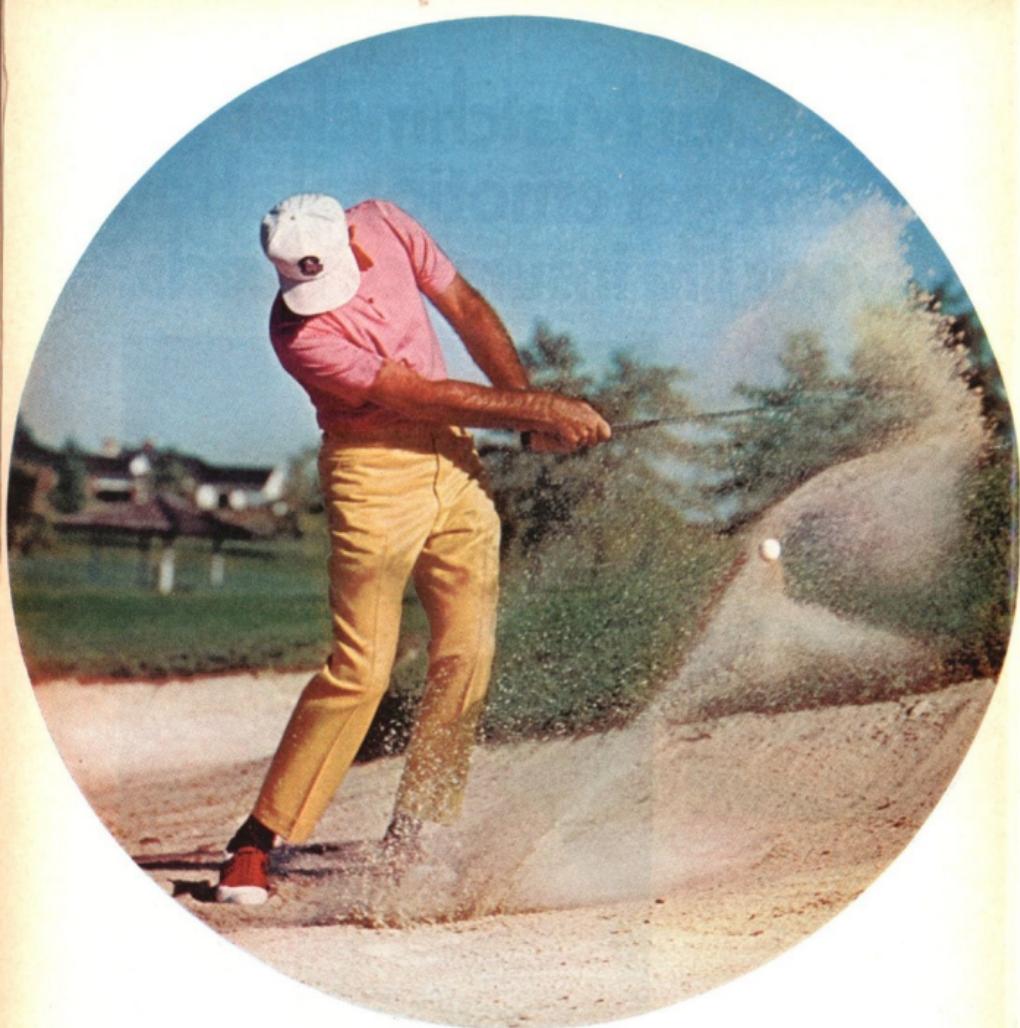
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followed that unhappiness, anxiety and guilt were usually pathological states—a measure of the struggle against those dynamic and contradictory forces.

May contends that man is a prisoner only if he chooses to be, and that life is more than a sentence imposed by the past. To accept this much is to break out of confinement into a self-awareness in which anxiety, guilt and unhappiness are not necessarily symptoms of maladjustment. They can count among the unavoidable costs of being. Existential therapy stresses the vital importance of accepting the pain as well as the pleasure, which, like life and death, are complementary. To be anxious, says May, may be merely to live within the awareness of death. To be unhappy may be only the free will's demand for expression.

Existential therapy is not so much a new school as a new interpretation of Freudian analysis. It is less interested in the past simply as past; indeed, May defines the past as "having been," a state that survives. Existentialists also quarrel with the common interpretation of the Oedipus complex as the guilt and fear engendered by the male child's attraction to his mother. May and others say that the conflict actually signifies man's refusal to face the truth of his own being. They ask pointedly: What does Oedipus do when he confronts the awful knowledge that he has loved his mother? He puts out his eyes—the organs of sight, not sex.

People and Things. Some critics claim that existential theory differs only semantically from the Freudian, others that it is no more than a cupola added to the edifice that Freud built. In the opinion of Dr. Edith Jacobson, New York analyst and a staunch Freudian, the whole concept of ego psychology (which deals chiefly with conscious processes) pays much the same respect to the human will that existentialists claim as their own creation.

Says Dr. Leo Rangell, president of the International Psycho-Analytical Association and clinical professor of psychiatry at U.C.L.A.: "It is difficult to know who is speaking in the book—May the psychoanalyst, May the theologian or May the existentialist." The comment is accurate, because May does speak in all those voices. He has also been trained in all three disciplines.

Born in Ada, Ohio, Rollo Reese May studied psychoanalysis under Alfred Adler, who was one of Freud's apostates. He also studied art in Poland and Greece and, after returning from Europe in the 1930's, enrolled in New York's Union Theological Seminary—"to ask questions, ultimate questions about human beings—not to be a preacher." He did serve briefly in a Congregational parish in Verona, N.J. The years he spent as a tuberculous patient brought this varied background into focus. There, face to face with death, he discovered what he took to

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be its true relation to the human will.

The message he has since steadily proclaimed is that people happen to things; things do not happen to people. He does not deny man's limitations; he says only that within those limitations there is more freedom to move than most men realize. Everything, even apathy, is an act of will. "I cannot look at one thing at this instant without refusing to look at another," he writes. "To say 'yes' means for that moment I must say 'no' to something else. This is one example of how conflict is of the essence of consciousness."

For May, conflict is also at the heart of will—and the only way to give it exercise. It is easier to do than to be, easier to think than to feel, easier to succumb to apathy than to take a stand. "Human will begins in a 'no,'" he writes. "The 'no' is a protest against a world we never made, and it is also an assertion of one's self in the endeavor to remodel and reform the world." Elsewhere he has said: "I think Dostoevsky was right, that every human being must have a point at which he stands against the culture, where he says, this is me and the damned world can go to hell."

THE THEATER

Private Masterpiece

Hedda Gabler has become for actresses what *Hamlet* has always been for actors. If Hamlet is the classic male neurotic—the man who cannot act—Hedda is the classic female neurotic—the woman who cannot feel. With both roles, the performer does not so much assume a part as submit an interpretation of a fascinating set of symptoms.

That is what Irene Worth is doing, superbly, at this year's Stratford Festival of Canada. At 54, she is as overage for *Hedda* (Ibsen envisaged her as 29) as a man in his 40s would be for Hamlet. Furthermore, she gives a middle-class Norwegian housewife the unmistakably U manner of an Old Vic grand dame. Thus Stratford audiences may not be exactly getting Ibsen, but they are being treated to one of the best impersonations ever of modern woman in crisis.

Stage Villain. Miss Worth starts with what Ibsen gave her. Eighty years ago, Hedda was a melodramatic innovation; upon her arrival, frigid woman replaced lecherous man as a favorite stage villain. The new fate-worse-than-death, as many playwrights soon realized, was man's castration by this New Woman. Hedda is the sort of female who pushes drinks on a reformed drunkard and burns the only copies of other people's manuscripts. She is, in short, a bitch. Miss Worth knows it, and she takes it from them.

She walks the arena stage in twisting little circles, like a caged animal. Not a really wild animal, but a poorly domesticated one—petulant rather than fierce, caught in a thicket of heavy-legged furniture. At one moment of electric outrage, she turns her back to the audience, raises clenched fists to heaven like Antigone, then slowly lowers them to her neck, like just another housewife with just another nagging backache. In this magnificent little cycle of rebellion and surrender, Miss Worth defines her theme: trapped impotence.

Beyond the simple wickedness of war between the sexes, Miss Worth offers the far more terrifying predicament of a woman at war with herself. Her Hedda has replaced duty to others with the



IRENE WORTH AS HEDDA
Beyond bitchiness.

new, disguised puritanism of self-fulfillment: duty to oneself. She wants to do her own thing, if only she knew what it was. Push her bumbling academic husband into politics? Take on a new lover? Or pull back onto her puppet strings the old lover she never quite had the courage to claim? It is a compassionately balanced mood-portrait of modern woman: boredat at the level of panic, a yawn that comes out a scream. And it is a private masterpiece of *Hedda*, at least as much Worth as Ibsen.

It does not really matter that Ibsen's well-made play seems less so today or that his men appear flattened even before his women get to them. Miss Worth survives the limitations of her script, which makes her a good actress, and her own limitations as well, which may make her a great actress. Her final achievement is persuading the audience to think of *Hedda Gabler* not only as modern woman but as modern human being—that disordered creature of either sex whose tragedy is to need love all the more for not being able to offer it.



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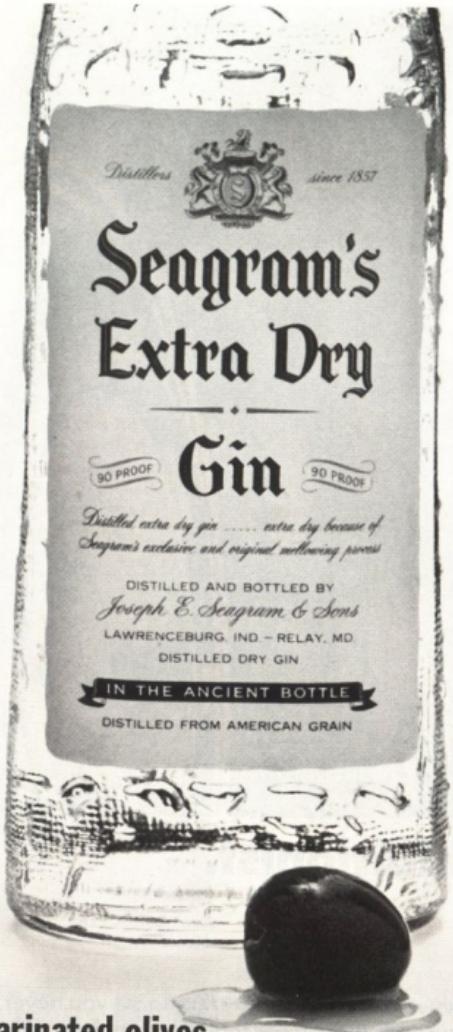
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MILESTONES

Married. Peggy Fleming, 21, ice-skating queen and U.S. gold medalist in the 1968 Winter Olympics at Grenoble, and Gregory Jenkins, 24, medical student at the University of Texas; in a Presbyterian ceremony in Los Angeles.

Died. Gerald Miller, 42, TV news reporter, whose body was found and identified last week; when the Jeep in which he was riding was bushwhacked May 31 by Viet Cong rocket fire, killing the Cambodian driver, an Indian cameraman and Reporter George Svartzen 33 miles southwest of Phnom-Penh.

Died. Dr. Abraham Maslow, 62, eminent psychologist and author noted for his pioneering work on humanistic psychology; of a heart attack; in Menlo Park, Calif. Maslow's revolutionary theories, published in such books as *Motivation and Personality* and *Psychology of Science*, pointed the way toward encounter-group psychotherapy.

Died. Frank Laubach, 85, missionary whose "each one teach one" educational technique helped 100 million people learn to read in Asia, Africa and South America; of leukemia; in Syracuse.

Died. Alexander Kerensky, 89, second Premier of the short-lived provisional government that tried to bring democracy to Russia after the overthrow of the Romanov Czars; of heart disease; in Manhattan. A moderate socialist who first gained prominence as an eloquent defense attorney, Kerensky turned against Czar Nicholas II after the "Bloody Sunday" massacre of 1905, in which a procession of workers was cut down by Czarist troops. Reassured by constitutional reforms, he sided with the regime and was elected to the *Duma* (Parliament) in 1912. When repression increased again during World War I, Kerensky began to speak out against the Czar, and in the revolution that followed, eventually took over the provisional government. When General Lavr Kornilov—whom Kerensky had appointed commander of the army—attempted an unsuccessful *coup d'état*, Kerensky lost face by turning to the Bolsheviks for help. Deriding Kerensky's weakness and taking full credit for crushing the coup, the Bolsheviks gained the support of enough revolutionary elements to climb to power on Nov. 7, 1917. After vainly trying to rally support, Kerensky went into hiding and escaped from Russia in 1918. He lived in England, and then France until 1940, when he moved to the U.S. to spend his remaining years teaching and defending his leadership of "the Kerensky revolution."

Died. E.M. Forster, 91, British novelist (*A Passage to India*) and sage (see BOOKS).

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BUSINESS

Uncle, Can You Spare Some Millions?

As plain as a red signal on the main track, the ominous figures in quarterly earnings reports showed for months that the Penn Central Transportation Co. was in precarious financial condition. The nation's largest railroad and its parent corporation, the Penn Central Co., are among the wealthiest companies in the U.S. (assets: \$7 billion). But the railroad is burdened with debt, beset by spiraling costs, tangled operations, a drop in freight shipments and the \$100 million annual drain of unwanted passenger

North Western, the Reading and the Erie-Lackawanna. The Nixon Administration began drafting legislation that would allow the Department of Transportation to underwrite as much as \$750 million in loans for beleaguered railroads. The plan, however, faces considerable opposition in Congress.

In other industries, financially ailing companies are also turning to Washington for help. Last week the Senate Armed Services Committee voted \$200 million in contingency funds for the C5-

forced to sell subsidiaries to meet debts. Many big-name corporations have quietly told their disbursing departments to delay paying their bills for 60 or even 120 days. Since important suppliers are often paid first, smaller and weaker firms at the end of the line are hurt worst. Shrinking profits have forced hundreds of corporations to dip into working capital to meet their payrolls. At the end of last year, major companies held only enough cash and short-term Government paper to cover 19.3% of their immediate debts, compared with 38.4% in 1961. The recent dip in interest rates on short-term commercial paper indicates that the worst of the squeeze may be past. Many corporate money men now speak of a "strain" rather than a "crisis."

Bickering at the Top. The agony of the Penn Central was aggravated not only by the money shortage but also by civil war within the company. The 28-month-old merger of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central was supposed to eliminate wasteful competition and thus enable two troubled rivals to highball into the future. Instead, executives of the Pennsy's "red team" and Central's "green team" bickered over business methods, and politicked for status and promotions, while service deteriorated amid appalling confusion. Even the computer systems of the two roads were incompatible; they could not transmit information to each other. Thousands of freight cars were "lost" in Penn Central yards or along its 40,000 miles of tracks. Shipments were delayed for weeks or longer, and food, beer and other goods went stale in the cars. While infuriated shippers switched to other carriers, frustrated middle-managers from the New York Central quit in wholesale lots as Pennsy men took over most of the key positions.

Friction became especially grating between the Pennsy's Saunders, 60, a lawyer turned railroadman, and Perlman, 67, former boss of the Central, who had been named chief operating officer of the combine because of his reputation as a wizard at running trains. Strong-willed men, they held each other in low esteem—and showed it. Moreover, the merger that Saunders engineered had long been opposed by Perlman, who had favored another grouping of Eastern railroads. The squabbles became so frequent that last December the board of directors finally moved Perlman upstairs to vice chairman. Other railroaders who had thought that mergers would alleviate their own woes now looked at the Penn Central and began to have doubts.

Meanwhile, inflation sent the Penn

GOVERNMENT TRANSFUSIONS FOR AEROSPACE, BROKERAGES & RAILROADS

service. As a result, a convulsion last week shook the once-mighty Penn Central and spread deep concern among leaders of business and Government.

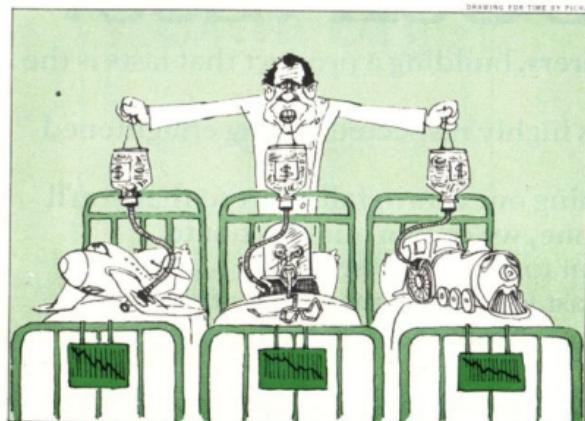
The company was so desperately strapped for cash that Penn Central directors abruptly dismissed the men they blamed for that plight: Chairman and Chief Executive Stuart T. Saunders, Vice Chairman Alfred Perlman and Finance Committee Chairman David Bevan. Next day, fearful that the collapse of so large a corporation might bring down other companies in the shaky economy, the Nixon Administration took unusual action in order to rescue the ailing railroad from the brink of bankruptcy. Under seldom-used powers of the Defense Production Act, the Defense Department agreed to guarantee up to \$200 million in short-term bank loans for the road.

Protecting Customers. Federal officials reckon that a severe cash bind threatens as many as six other major railroads: the Western Pacific, the Missouri-Kansas-Texas, the Milwaukee Road, the

A super-transport in order to aid cash-short Lockheed Aircraft Corp., the nation's largest defense contractor. The week before, by awarding the Air Force's new B-1 bomber contract to North American Rockwell, a company with little recent bomber experience, the Administration lifted the threat of layoffs hanging over thousands of Southern California aerospace workers in an election year. Now Wall Street brokerage firms are asking Washington for a line of credit of about \$1 billion in order to protect customers. The fund could be used to repay money owed to investors in case more firms fail because of rising costs, falling income, inefficient operations and losses suffered in the long bear market.

The Administration's tight money policies, which have put many companies in an acute financial squeeze, have had the most impact on those that grew too fast or papered over inherent problems when times were good and money was easy. Some overextended conglomerates, notably James Ling's LTV, have been

* After the color of each line's boxcars.



Central's costs soaring, while Government rate regulation kept a lid on fares and freight charges. (Last week the torpid Interstate Commerce Commission finally approved a 5% increase in freight rates that Saunders began begging for last winter.) In two years, the cost of a new freight car rose 37% and the payroll went up by 18%. Despite revenues of \$1.8 billion, the railroad lost \$56.3 million in 1969. The company fared even worse in this year's first quarter. Staggered by severe winter weather, rising local taxes, declining factory output, and strikes in coal and other industries, the line posted a \$62.7 million operating loss.

The Penn Central's passenger service has been a particular plague. The railroad still runs 1,280 passenger trains a day—35% of the nation's total and 75% of the remaining long-haul schedules. By Penn Central accounting, round-trip income from one New York-St. Louis train, for example, recently averaged \$5,295 a day; but wages and other operating costs ran to \$10,191. To pare such losses, the Penn Central two months ago petitioned the ICC to end all passenger service west of Buffalo, N.Y., and Harrisburg, Pa. Indignant protests from localities, rail buffs and organized passenger groups are likely to stall the commission's decision.

As Penn Central's fortunes faded, Chairman Saunders pressed anew for rate increases. In February, he met with Transportation Secretary John Volpe, members of the ICC, and staff men at the Treasury and the White House. "The tone was one of moderate financial



GORMAN AT PRESS CONFERENCE
The computers could not communicate.

stress," a Government official recalls. Actually, the company was in much graver trouble than that. "There were times when we frankly wondered if we'd be able to meet our payroll," said a Penn Central executive last week.

As the railroad took on more and more costly debt, Manhattan bankers began to worry. They were particularly concerned when the Penn Central borrowed \$59 million in Eurodollars early this year at interest rates of 10.1%. U.S. banks slammed their loan windows, partly because too many of Penn Central's readily salable assets were already pledged as collateral. In desperation, the company tried in late May to raise \$100 million in 25-year debentures, only to abandon the effort when underwriters reported that they could find no buyers, even at 10½% interest.

Backward Chess. When he became convinced that the debenture would fail, Saunders went again to Washington and called for a secret meeting of Government leaders. TIME Correspondent Mark Sullivan reports that a powerful lineup attended: Attorney General John Mitchell, Treasury Secretary David Kennedy, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and White House Aide Peter Flanagan. By a quirk of fate, the meeting took place on May 26, the day that stock prices plunged to the year's low so far. Saunders could hardly have picked a more opportune moment to ask for a handout. "The Penn Central is in a state of financial crisis," he said. "Two hundred million dollars of its commercial paper has recently matured or will mature in the next few months, and in the present circumstances of the company the paper cannot be refunded. The Penn Central Rail Road will have to file a petition of bankruptcy in early June."

Shaken by the disclosure, Nixon's

lieutenants agreed to keep the railroad from going broke. Says one official who was not wholly in accord with the decision: "They said, 'My God, if the Penn Central goes, the public will think 1929 is here. We can't let it happen.'"

After the commitment was made, Department of Transportation officials began asking questions on Wall Street about why the railroad faced such a calamity. Bankers said bluntly that they had lost confidence in management and would lend the company no more money until Saunders was deposed. The bankers said the same to some directors, who were disturbed that Saunders had not conveyed to them the full extent of the road's financial plight. At a special White House meeting on Memorial Day, DOT men suggested to Treasury officials that Penn Central might wriggle out of its financial hole if management was changed. But the Treasury had committed itself to helping the railroad, and it stuck by that promise. Says one unhappy official: "We played the chess game backward."

Shock in the Boardroom. Ironically, it was after Saunders had negotiated the multimillion-dollar rescue that the Penn Central's directors finally agreed he must go. At last week's meeting, Saunders reported on his Washington negotiations, and then the board asked its officer-directors to leave the room. When they were called back, Saunders and Bevan were asked to resign—which they did. Perlman was relieved of his duties, but will remain a director until his employment contract expires in November. "Saunders was absolutely shocked,"



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

EX-VICE CHAIRMAN PERLMAN
The squabbles became frequent.



EX-CHAIRMAN SAUNDERS LEAVING OFFICE
The bankers began to worry.

says one associate. "He looked a broken man. It's a terrible blow to his pride." And to his pocketbook, for he was paid \$236,972 while the Penn Central was rolling in the red last year.

The board promoted President Paul A. Gorman, 62, to chairman and chief executive. Missouri-born Gorman has spent almost all of his business life in the Bell System and was president of its Western Electric manufacturing arm until he was brought in by Saunders as the Pennsy's \$250,000-a-year president last December. His main job now, besides eliminating losses, will be to recruit a team of younger railroad executives, probably including a successor. "We can make a decent return on our freight business," says Gorman, "if we can just get unshackled from our passenger service." But he adds: "Our service has to improve."

A Need for Subsidy. Can a telephone man patch up the palsied Pennsy? Most rail experts argue that no managerial master strokes will be enough unless the Government subsidizes passenger service, as governments of almost all industrial countries do. "The Penn Central is required to run those trains," Perlman told TIME Correspondent Roger Beardwood last week. "There is no chance of their ever making money. We cannot charge an economic fare, because the ICC won't let us, and the commuter wouldn't pay it if we did. He would take to the highways."

Perlman figures that the crisis will become a "blessing in disguise, because it has shocked the Government into realizing that we are not a rich railroad any more. If we can get the Government to absorb passenger losses and lend us money to improve our equipment, we can survive."

Having lunged to the aid of the Penn Central, the Government now seems headed for a quasi-nationalization of the nation's railroads. Legislation that sailed through the Senate and seems assured of success in the House would create a semipublic, Government-subsidized agency, the Rail Passenger Corp. (Railpax), to take over long-haul passenger service from railroads that want to give it up. Railpax would start operations in March 1971. Most of its directors would be named by the President; the Transportation Secretary would establish the routes, and the corporation would set standards of service.

Merely relieving the railroads of their obligation to carry people will not solve their other problems. The Missouri-Kansas-Texas line scrapped its last passenger service four years ago, for example, but today is in worse financial shape than ever. The U.S. lines suffer from featherbed union rules,⁸ encrusted man-

agements, outmoded facilities and overlapping trackage. Three separate rail networks compete for the slight business in the Michigan Peninsula above Grand Rapids. Detroit and Toledo, only one hour apart, hardly require the linkage of four different lines. Five railroads connect Dallas and Kansas City. To survive and prosper, U.S. railroads may have to shuck off most unprofitable routes and concentrate on long-haul freight traffic, as moneymaking Western lines already do.

High Cost of Help. Above all, the nation needs to devise a balanced national transportation policy, equalizing subsidies and favors among railroads, airlines, barge, ship, truck and bus

relationship between Government and business. Washington can scarcely be expected to bail out every big company that runs into difficulties because of a money shortage, managerial incompetence or ill-advised decisions. What if an airline or another defense contractor pleads for emergency help? The Government itself is pinched for cash. If it shells out large subsidies, the federal budget will plunge deeper into deficit, stoking the inflationary fires. If the Government gives more loan guarantees to straitened companies, Washington will take on vast new powers as the arbiter of just who should get credit. And if the Government acts to guarantee a corporation, Washington will naturally want a voice in the business.

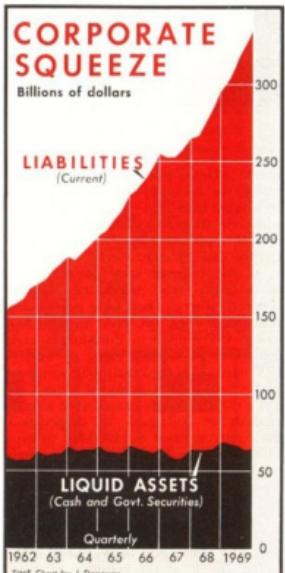
For all its commitment to private enterprise, the U.S. may have no practical alternative to Government operation of most rail passenger service. But if Washington moves to involve itself much further in the problems of other businesses, it will basically change the American economy in ways as yet unforeseen.

The Nonbuying Mood

A rise in consumer spending is essential to the Nixon Administration's plan for an economic upturn later this year. But hope for that rise dwindled last week with the findings of a University of Michigan quarterly survey of 1,300 families, which showed consumers less inclined to buy than at any time in the 18-year history of the survey. During April and May, for example, the proportion of families intending to purchase new cars was 20% below the same period a year ago. Based on consumers' personal financial expectations and buying plans, the survey's index has been dropping steadily since President Nixon's first full month in office. It went down from 78.1 in this year's first quarter to 75.4 in the second. Because the findings have always led the changes in the economy by at least one quarter, the survey takers predict that the present slowdown will extend through the third quarter and probably until year's end. If so, the recession will have lasted twelve months, the longest stretch since 1953-1954.

The slump should continue to be mild⁹ because consumers' buying ability remains strong: almost half of those polled said their earnings have increased over the past year. But people are reluctant to make purchases because they see no sign that inflation is easing, and they are increasingly worried about unemployment. The consumers' gloom will not be dispelled, says the survey, until the Administration produces convincing evidence that it is winning the campaign against rising prices and containing the spread of unemployment.

⁸ Example: an engineer of a Penn Central Metroliner collects 4½ days' pay or \$111, for each six-hour round trip of 452 miles between New York City and Washington. The stipend is based on a rule dating from the days of steam power that defines 100 miles as a day's work.



lines. The Government may have to invest in new technology for trains, as it has for jet planes and atomic energy, agriculture and medicine. The railroaders themselves need to try all kinds of new methods to gain business. Severed roads have plans to remove mounting loads of city garbage and haul it to rural dumps at costs no higher than those of today's disposal methods. Unions have to be persuaded to give up make-work practices. Last week, as part of an 18-month experiment aimed at attracting more freight traffic, the United Transportation Union agreed to eliminate some restrictive job rules on the Illinois Central.

The hastily patched-together plan to rescue the Penn Central raises crucial questions about the fundamental rela-

⁹ Although now it is deepening. The industrial production index fell 8% in May, its biggest drop since November; it has gone down in eight of the last ten months.

MUTUAL FUNDS

Those I.O.S. Loans

The long-delayed annual report of Bernard Cornfeld's Investors Overseas Services, Ltd., was finally made public last week. As expected, it was an explosive document that disclosed several reasons why the \$2 billion mutual-fund complex tumbled into trouble.

First, the 1969 consolidated net earnings were a dismal disappointment. They came to only \$10.3 million—down from \$14.4 million in 1968, and far from Cornfeld's predictions that I.O.S. would "double its income every year." Had it not been for a controversial revaluation of some of the company's Arctic oil lands, I.O.S. would have earned less than \$600,000. More important, the

company last month. An unspecified company officer borrowed \$2,800,000. A total of \$8,300,000 was extended to company executives for oil and gas ventures. It has been reported that the loans were cleared by I.O.S.'s former president, Edward Cowett, and that some of them went to his family trust.

Seeking a Comeback. I.O.S. now needs two things: cash and the confidence of investors. Other groups, including rival foreign-based funds, have been dickering to gain control of I.O.S. and provide just that. Last week, in the Paris headquarters of the French Rothschilds, Guy de Rothschild chaired a secret meeting of European and U.S. bankers to hammer out a proposal for taking over I.O.S. Rothschild's interest was more than the *noblesse oblige* of a patrician banker. His Banque Rothschild was an underwriter of I.O.S.'s \$54 million stock issue last fall, and the Rothschild reputation for astuteness has not been helped by the stock's decline from \$10 at the offering to \$2.50 last week.

A takeover of I.O.S. by a Rothschild-headed bankers' group is not the only possibility. Some company officers have been talking about splitting off parts of the company in which they have influence and, in alliance with bankers, setting up separate enterprises. Complaining of internal dissension, Cornfeld pointed to "those maniacal guys on the board." Cornfeld still has about 15% of the company's stock, and, like Napoleon trying to come back from Elba, he has been jetting from country to country, seeking to gather proxies from his sales managers for a triumphal return to power.

MONEY

Anger at Dollar Imperialists

The men who manage Europe's money are increasingly annoyed with the U.S. They are upset by America's old habit of spending, lending and investing more abroad than it takes in from foreign sources—and its new habit of not worrying much about the deficit. Last year the U.S. balance of payments deficit rose to \$7 billion, or twice as much as the deficit that stirred deep public concern in 1967; first-quarter figures indicate that this year's deficit will be still higher.

Last week, as moneymen from 50 countries gathered at the Bank for International Settlements in Basel, Switzerland, B.I.S. Chairman Jelle Zijlstra warned in unusually strong language that, by causing a world glut of dollars, the huge U.S. deficits "form the monetary breeding ground for a continuing international inflationary process." If worldwide inflation continues too long, he said, worldwide recession is "inevitable." The B.I.S. annual report added that it is "hard to discern how the U.S. authorities expect, by their own actions, to correct the balance of payments."

This situation also worries many U.S. economists, notably Robert Triffin, one

of the world's leading monetary experts. A short, round-faced, friendly man, Triffin was born and educated in Belgium, became a U.S. citizen in 1942, and is now master of Berkeley College at Yale. He has long advised both U.S. and European governments; he was among the first to suggest creation of the new international money that last year came into being as Special Drawing Rights, or paper gold. At a recent meeting of TIME's Board of Economists, of which he is a member, he offered this analysis:

The U.S. is unconcerned about its deficits because it has discovered that it can get away with a kind of "monetary imperialism." The position of the dollar as the standard of value against which all other currencies are measured



GUY DE ROTHSCHILD & WIFE
Noblesse oblige at the bank.

1969 earnings were reduced by a \$4,000,000 reserve set up to cover "potential losses" from "certain transactions," notably company loans to its own and affiliated officers, directors and employees. Some of them used the money to buy I.O.S. stock. Partly because of these loans, which I.O.S. now officially describes as "unwise," the company's liquid-cash position badly deteriorated, and the stock plunged.

The company's auditors, Arthur Andersen & Co., hedged their approval of the 1969 report because I.O.S. did not give enough information on the borrowers and the amount of the loans. The report reveals, however, that at year's end the loans amounted to \$30.8 million. A \$4,700,000 loan was made to Denver Millionaire John King, who dropped his bid to take over the com-



TRIFFIN AT YALE GRADUATION
Europeans are losing patience.

enables the U.S. to escape the consequences that other countries suffer if they consistently overspend abroad. In any other country, a parade of deficits comparable to those the U.S. has run would force devaluation of the currency. Devaluation of the dollar, the currency that more than any other has been considered as good as gold, would bring such chaos that it has been considered unthinkable.

More Revaluations. In theory, central banks of nations that become loaded with dollars can still send the dollars back to the U.S. and demand repayment in gold. They are afraid to do so, says Triffin, because the U.S. gold stock, at \$12 billion, is far lower than the \$43 billion of potential foreign claims against it. The Europeans fear that if any large number of dol-

lars are presented for redemption, the Treasury will simply stop selling U.S. gold. That, says Triffin, leaves foreign nations three courses of action—all of which hurt them:

► Foreign commercial banks can lend dollars back to the U.S. Last year U.S. banks borrowed a startling \$9 billion of Eurodollars. That gave the banks more money to lend in America, and eased the sting of the Federal Reserve's tight-money policy. But the U.S.'s borrowing drove Eurodollar interest rates as high as 12%, and the rise helped to pull up all other European interest rates.

► Foreign central banks can buy unwanted dollars and hold them in official reserves. In West Germany, the Bundesbank last week bought \$500 million that flooded in—mostly from speculators—during a single day. This process is inflationary, because the foreign currency paid out for the dollars adds to the money supply in the country that does the buying.

► Foreign governments can allow the price of their own currencies to rise, usually by formal revaluation. That reduces the inflow of unwanted dollars, but a revaluing country must resign itself to seeing its export prices go up. Even so, West Germany revalued the mark last year, and Canada is currently letting the price of its dollar rise in relatively free trading. Some European central bankers foresee a series of upward revaluations, in about a year or 18 months, of the Swiss and Belgian francs, the Dutch guilder, the Japanese yen, and probably the German mark again.

That could pose a danger for the U.S. Right now American officials welcome revaluations because they tend to lower the price of U.S. goods in foreign markets. But revaluations also amount to a gradual cheapening of the dollar measured against other currencies; too many revaluations too close together could shake foreign faith in the dollar as the prop of the world financial system. The outcome could be another series of monetary crises, and perhaps imposition in self-defense by many countries of the exchange controls and trade restrictions that the U.S. has fought hard to dismantle.

A Matter of Faith. European countries are organizing to give themselves more muscle to force the U.S. to restrict the outflow of dollars. Partly at Triffin's urging, the six nations of the European Common Market are moving to set up a joint reserve fund as an initial step toward a common currency. The directors could make collective decisions on how many dollars to accept in the European reserve fund and on the management of any revaluations. They could also impose joint restrictions on the amount of Eurodollars that U.S. banks could borrow. That would hurt money-short U.S. businesses by cutting down the supply of lendable funds in America. In the long run, a common European currency would reduce the

world's dependency on the dollar by introducing a potent rival in the exchange markets.

If Washington wants international financial stability, says Triffin, it must ultimately find ways for the U.S. to live within its means. The indispensable first step is to curb the inflation that is damaging the nation's competitive position.

ADVERTISING

It's a Tough Life

An adman named Jerry Della Femina was sitting around with some colleagues trying to dream up a campaign for Panasonic, a Japanese electronics account. "I've got it," he chortled. "I see a headline. Yes, I see this headline—from THOSE WONDERFUL FOLKS WHO GAVE YOU PEARL HARBOR." The



DELLA FEMINA IN HIS OFFICE

Leaving no parts of the body untouched.

line never made it into the campaign, but Della Femina revived it as the title of his new book, and it is now raising nervous laughs in the twitchy precincts of Madison Avenue. First recorded on tape, then edited by Sometime Author Charles Sopkin and published last week by Simon and Schuster, the book is an earnest effort by Della Femina to buttress his reputation as the Peck's Bad Boy of advertising. At 33, he heads his own agency and is one of the more abrasive of the young "creatives" who have risen fast in a merciful business.

More than One. Much advertising today has a numbing sameness, says Della Femina, but the adman is to be pitied, not blamed. He often finds it impossible to create individual selling pitches for the rising number of nearly identical products. "Some poor son of a bitch is sitting in his office at Compton right this minute," says the author, "trying to figure out what to say about Ivory Soap that hasn't been said may-

be 20,000 times before. If you're doing an ad for Tide, what do you say? What do you do about Axion?"

Gasoline is another difficult product to sell. In Della Femina's view, Mobil's "We want you to live" campaign is smarter than most because it says that the company really cares about its customers. Beer campaigns are tough. Della Femina contends that Stan Freberg's "Ballantine's Complaint" campaign, a takeoff on *Portnoy's Complaint*, was based on the wrong premise. "How many beer drinkers can read?" Della Femina asks. By his reckoning, Schaefer, a Brooklyn-based brewer, has the best advertising theme: "The one beer to have when you're having more than one." That message means something to a beer drinker, says Della Femina. "Here I am, having more than one. As a matter of fact, I'm having 17 at one sitting. And Schaefer is the only beer that will make me feel great when this binge is all over."

Tomorrow the World. As Della Femina tells it, there seems to be no end to the resourcefulness of agencies and their clients. Promotion reached a new level with the development of the increasingly controversial feminine-hygiene deodorants. "Businessmen ran out of parts of the body," Della Femina explains. "We had headaches for a while, but we took care of them. The armpit had its moment of glory, and the toes, with their athlete's foot. We went through wrinkles, we went through diets. We conquered hemorrhoids. So the businessman sat back and said, 'What's left?' And some smart guy said 'The vagina.' Today the vagina, tomorrow the world."

An adman is only as good as his latest ideas, and when he runs out of them, he walks the plank. Usually the agency boss does not like to do the firing himself, so he appoints a "killer" for the job. Of the killers, Della Femina says: "In a lot of ways they're very much like the hit guys in the Mafia." At the big Ted Bates agency recently, "the retirement party for the killer was marvelous. Practically the whole agency showed up for it."

One financially troubled agency had an area known as the "Floor of Forgotten Men," to which it assigned high-salaried managers who were working out their contracts before being let go. "None of them ever admitted that he was one of the fired people," writes Della Femina, "but they never had a secretary or anything. They were walking around, but they were zombies."

As for creative stars, "it's really not unlike baseball. You've got about seven, eight, or maybe nine years when you're hot and everything you do works and they're calling you for a job and the headhunters are crying for you, and then there's that long downhill slide." Della Femina is still at the top of his form, but if he should ever get that sinking feeling, the royalties from his gossip book might provide a retirement fund.

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BOOKS

Aspects of the Novelist

His enduring fame illustrated some upside-down law of literary reputations. His first novel (*Where Angels Fear to Tread*) appeared only four years after the death of Queen Victoria. *A Passage to India*, his last and most famous, was written in 1924. Though in later years he wrote essays and criticism, there were only five novels all together. Yet when E.M. Forster died last week at 91, he had been for half a century England's most elusive and illustrious man of prose letters. It is still almost impossible to talk about the modern novel without mentioning his name.

Literary scholarship—which Forster loathed because it reduces writing to a rational rubble of themes and trends—will no doubt have little trouble in assigning Forster's influence and renown to sensible causes and perspectives. Forster grew up, after all, in comfortable upper-middle-class circumstances (Tonbridge school; King's College, Cambridge; an inherited income of £8,000 a year). His confrontations of plot and apparent symbolism at first seem to fit easily enough into the new century's dramatic reaction against the massive structures and stifling legacies of Victorian England: passion and beauty v. respectability and ugliness (*Where Angels Fear to Tread*), personal freedom v. conventional success (*The Longest Journey*), cultivation and simplicity v. the strangling encroachments of industrial wealth (*Howards End*). Most important, in taking up the issue of colonial oppression and racism in British India, Forster, with remarkable foresight, was the first to sound what became the most troubling political and moral issue of our times.

Yet Forster's genius lies precisely in the impossibility of stuffing his books into literary boxes, however labeled. He strove to maintain a free and, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, disinterested view. More than any other novelist, he is proof that to become a significant writer, a man must be neither an idea machine nor a recording angel, but a human voice sounding with its own shifting intonations in the ear and heart of the reader. Describing the peculiar discrepancy between apparent message and feeling in Forster's novels, Lionel Trilling observed: "Wash ye, make yourselves clean," says the plot, and the manner murmurs, "If you can find the soap."

Forster is, in fact, a very unsatisfactory fellow when it comes to hortatory confrontations between vice and virtue. As simple-minded symbols on any side of any argument, his characters are simply not to be relied upon. For one thing, he often kills them off highhandedly. For another, they change sides right in the middle of the symbolic drama, or behave with maddening inconsistency in other ways. Mercurial and emancipated, Dr. Aziz in *A Pas-*

sage to India at first seems to come on as a stereotyped native victim of senseless prejudice. He is a victim. But he also proves to be arrogant; an Indian Moslem, he is as indifferent to the concerns of Hindus as they are to his own.

Forster had traveled in India and served for six months as private secretary to a maharajah. He was angry about colonialism. But in *A Passage to India* as elsewhere, he was circling toward the kind of contradictory, radical perceptions that can best be glimpsed obliquely and with reservations. He suspected that the barriers between the races



FORSTER IN INDIAN DRESS (1921)

Radical perceptions obliquely glimpsed.

—and between East and West—might prove to be impenetrable, though he characteristically went on insisting that the effort should be made.

Forster rejected the customary methods of ranking novelists by greatness or arranging them according to their effect on their times. Instead, in *Aspects of the Novel*, he imagined all the novelists of the past 200 years scribbling away in matched pairs around a table in a chamber as big as the British Museum reading room. Samuel Richardson with Henry James (for "tremulous nobility"); H.G. Wells with Charles Dickens (as "humorists and visualizers"). Forster in his various aspects could be paired with many in that room. With James, because he had James' grasp of the profound moral and emotional stakes that can change hands in outwardly frivolous situations; with Jane Austen, because he shared her skill at domestic

comedy; with D.H. Lawrence, because in his own way he proclaimed the importance of passion.

He had modest hopes for fiction as a shaper of men and history. He saw the creative imagination as a mirror, an instrument of learning and reflection that does not change the march of worldly events. The mirror image will not change, he thought, unless human nature alters. If, against all odds, that happens, he wrote, "it will be because individuals manage to look at themselves in a new way. Here and there people—a very few people, but a few novelists are among them—are trying to do this." Forster was one of them.

The Lion That Squeaked

BECH: A BOOK BY John Updike. 206 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

Now that John Updike's Bech stories from *The New Yorker* have been federated between hard covers, it is easier to see them for what they are: the funniest, most elegantly written and intelligently sympathetic renditions available about what happens when a writer stops being a writer and becomes a culture object.

Updike has ingeniously and elaborately invented Bech and his entire literary career. Verisimilitude is heightened by various Nabokovian cartouches, including an appendix containing Henry Bech's "Russian journal" and an introductory letter to Updike from Bech that shrewdly stops short of being a seal of approval: "I don't suppose your publishing this little *jeu de* of a book will do either of us drastic harm."

It is the voice of a man who has already suffered the worst that his abundant society and his own easily seducible character have to offer. It is not the natural voice of John Updike, of course, though Bech experienced early fame like Updike and some of their travails have been the same. The basic Bech is a gently satiric caricature of a Jewish literary heavyweight. His qualities are drawn from the congregation of Eastern Liberal intellectuals whose ranks, incidentally, have sheltered some of Updike's more ferocious critics.

Updike's elfin revenge includes a six-page bibliography of Bech's works as well as criticism of them. *Travel Light*, Bech's highly praised first novel, seems to carry strains of Kerouac's *On the Road* and Bellows' *The Adventures of Augie March*. *Brother Pig*, a novella, hints ever so slightly of Mailer's stylily oblique and politically muddled *Barbary Shore* ("Puzzling Porky" is Updike's title for the TIME review). *When the Saints*, a collection of essays and sketches of the kind that often get published from the sheer momentum of a downsliding career, contains such elegies of West Side New York as "Sunsets over New Jersey" and such Communitarian as "Orthodoxy and Orthodontics." Bech has also succumbed to the siren song of journalism with such ar-

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And if you're driving a long distance (more than 500 miles) we have a deal that comes out better. For \$99 we'll rent you a Ford sedan for a week and give you unlimited mileage at no extra cost. The only hitch is that you return the car to the same city from which you rented it.

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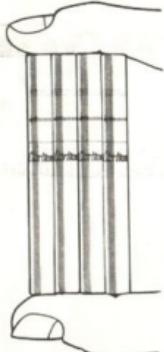
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Source: latest U.S. Government figures.



JOHN UPDIKE



HENRY BECH

I do Nabokov. He does John Reed.

ticles as "The Landscape of Orgasm" (*House and Garden*) and "My Favorite Christmas Carol" (*Playboy*).

Lately Bech's fiction has taken a 180-degree turn for the worse, but his life at least continues to be buoyed by his awareness of the irony of his situation: the quantity of his material rewards is inversely proportional to the quality of his production.

At 46, Bech looks like a "mob-controlled congressman from Queens hoping to be taken for a Southern Senator." Fat lecture invitations are as available as women anxious to add a famous notch to their bedposts. In the three funniest adventures, Bech is sent by the State Department on a cultural-exchange junket behind the Iron Curtain. The tableaux of culturecrats in opulent neo-cazarist settings undoubtedly come from Updike's memories of his own U.S.-sponsored tour of Russia in 1964. For Bech, the trip proves to be a sort of thinking man's "Mission: Impossible," in which Bech must make his way through the claustrophobic air ducts of Communist literary life.

In Russia, where he endures the blatant irony of having a huge salad of royalty rubbles thrust on him, Bech and the head of the Soviet Writers' Union joust with vodka glasses: "He toasts Jack London, I toast Pushkin. He does Hemingway, I do Turgenev. He does Nabokov, he counters with John Reed." Elsewhere, Bech vainly attempts to charm Yevgeny Yevtushenko by describing his own position in America not as a literary lion but as a "graying, furtively stylish rat indifferently permitted to gnaw and roam behind the wainscoting of a firetrap about to be demolished anyway."

In Rumania, where he comes to think of himself as "a sort of low-flying U-2," Bech attends an underground cabaret that features an endless number of variety acts, including an East German girl in a cowboy outfit singing *Dip in the Hot of Texas*. Humor at the expense of literal or imprecise translation

is rampant. An admirer slathering to translate Bech into Bulgarian asks, "You are not a wet writer, no. You are a dry writer, yes?"

No and yes. As a dried-out writer, Bech loses some sustaining irony as he gets closer to home. In London, an aggressive young scholar browbeats Bech into explaining his work. A rich young cutie looks up from her pillow and smugly suggests that he "learn to replace ardor with art." Back home, a former student gives him pot and he vomits.

Yet Bech is never really pathetic. He never loses sight of his ludicrous position. Somewhere behind the Iron Curtain, Bech observes that "shallowness can be a kind of honesty." It is a remark worthy of Oscar Wilde. It is unlikely, however, that Wilde—who never lost the knack of drawing life from the surface of things—would have fudged with "kind of."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (I last week)
2. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (2)
3. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (4)
4. Deliverance, Dickey (3)
5. Losing Battles, Welty (5)
6. Travels with My Aunt, Greene (6)
7. The Value of Nothing, Weitz (7)
8. Calico Palace, Bristow
9. The Godfather, Puzo (8)
10. A Beggar in Jerusalem, Wiesel (10)

NONFICTION

1. Up the Organization, Townsend (1)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (2)
3. The Sensuous Woman, J.I. (3)
4. The New English Bible (4)
5. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson (8)
6. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (5)
7. Hard Times, Terkel (6)
8. The American Heritage Dictionary
9. I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, Angelou (7)
10. Points of Rebellion, Douglas (10)



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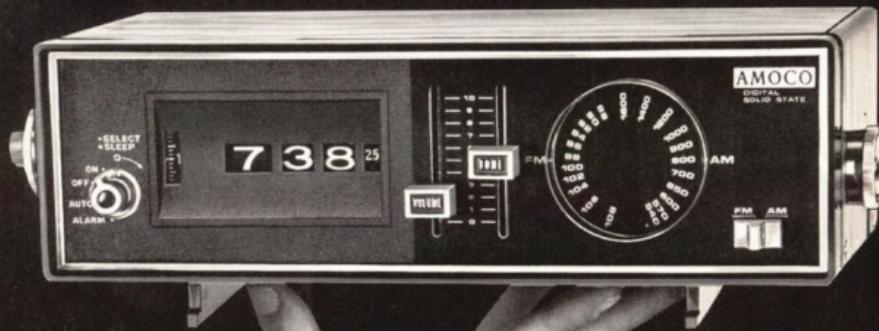
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CINEMA

Hitchcock by Clément

It takes a lot of gumption these days to make a film that does not pander to youthful passion, express the abysmal views of a gloomy philosopher-director or explore assorted perversions in nude, sweaty detail. Particularly risky is the idea of filming an old-fashioned Hitchcockian murder mystery in all its creaking intricacy. That is precisely what French Director René Clément (*Forbidden Games, Gervaise*) has done in *Rider on the Rain*.

Thanks to Clément's superb sense of mood and control, the film skips along so briskly that the viewer forgets that two hours is a long time to spend watching an ancient contrivance complete with a menacing stranger, misleading extra corpses and mixed handbags of loot.

From a window in the Riviera resort of Hyères, Mellie (Marlene Jobert) sees a stranger carrying a red airlines bag. He looks too creepy to be anything but a sex deviate; sure enough, he breaks into her home and rapes her. When he lingers on, she drops him with twin blasts from a double-barreled shotgun, throws his body into the sea and puts his watch and wallet in the furnace. She does not tell her husband Tony, a pilot who has the grace to be in flight while she is being pursued by a grinning, hard-eyed investigator named Harry Dobbs (Charles Bronson).

Deft Intrigue. Dobbs spends most of the movie trying to force Mellie to confess to murder; she spends most of her time trying to figure out just whom she killed. One unsure note is the convenient reason she resists Bronson's insistent interrogation: a childhood

trauma has made her reluctant to confess anything. Still, Clément weaves his intrigues so deftly that such minor annoyances never seriously intrude.

The latest in a long, long line of Gallic gamines, Mlle. Jobert is sometimes a bit too cool and saucy to convey the proper measure of terror, although she is just forlorn enough to be touching. In any event, Bronson more than compensates for her flaws in their sharp running dialogue. Bronson's U.S. films (*The Magnificent Seven, The Great Escape*) have apparently typecast him as just another ugly face. Here he shows himself as perhaps the most underrated actor this side of Rod Taylor. He is the consummate inquisitor, and even as he slowly falls in love with Mellie, his thin smile retains an intriguing touch of blood-and-feathers sadism.

Darkness to Light

These patients have turned away from outer reality; it is for this reason that they are more aware than we of inner reality and can reveal to us things which without them would remain impenetrable.

—Sigmund Freud

That inner reality is explored with remarkable perception and puissance in *Diary of a Schizophrenic Girl*. The movie demonstrates that although no mental illness is less understood than schizophrenia, some schizophrenics can be cured. It also shows how hideously time-consuming the process can be and what exorbitant demands it makes upon the therapist, which explains why such intensive treatment can be available for only the very few. A single patient may occupy almost all of an analyst's time, for months or years.

First released in Italy in 1968, the film is neither documentary nor purely creative cinema. Rather it is a dramatic and scrupulously faithful reproduction of an actual case history in which a Swiss analyst, Madame Marguerite Schéhéray, successfully treated an apparently irretrievable 18-year-old girl.

Mother-Infant. In the film, Anna (Ghislainne D'Orsay) lives in an interior Tibet, where she rules as queen but is not permitted to eat. She cries of "orders that must be obeyed" and "a system that is accusing me of an infinite crime." She resists even spoon-feeding. Her analyst, Blanche (Margarita Lozano), patiently unravels the girl's deep, snarled skein of emotions.

Anna's resentful mother had been psychologically unable to breast-feed, and the child had rejected the bottle. Thus Anna willingly eats only apples she plucks from a tree, since she equates them with the breast and anything else represents the artificiality of a bottle. Anna makes substantial progress—until she discovers the analyst with another patient and tries to drown herself in a



LOZANO & D'ORSAY IN "DIARY"
Through 18 years in 18 months.

fit of jealousy. Blanche takes Anna home and assumes a mother-infant relationship. Carefully, she leads the girl through 18 years of life in 18 months.

Directed by Nelo Risi, who also collaborated on the script, *Diary* is candid without being voyeuristic and sympathetic without being mawkish. Risi's gentle direction never obtrudes, and even the flashbacks do not obstruct. The film's muted colors and luxuriant landscapes heighten the dramatic impact.

Ghislainne D'Orsay, a schoolgirl in Italy making her first acting appearance, is unself-consciously compelling as the irrational, ranting girl. Margarita Lozano carefully controls her role as the weary optimist analyst. She is especially touching at the end, when the girl she has raised from darkness to light—and who in turn has uplifted her—is ready to leave. "It feels like a bereavement inside of me. That, I suppose, is the price of giving birth."

Autistic Nonsense

Cara Mia,

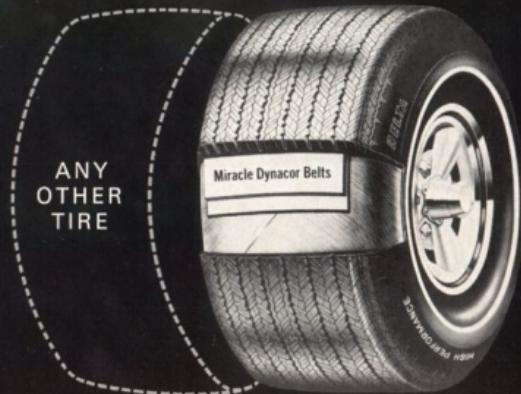
It is I, Catherine. I realize I have been a faithless correspondent, my frustest friend (as I have been faithless in so many things in life). Hopelessness has compelled me to write. Remember those midnight talks we had in the convien school about the search for that precious grail called love? How I laughed at you when you told me that love was an illusion, and that since I was actually Julie Christie I was never to achieve that mystical communion of souls, far sweeter than any earthly bond. You were wiser than I, *cara*. Love is a cruel, impudent sorceress who will never ensorcel me.

I had been living in Rome with my sweet Marcello when my father insisted I come to Geneva for his fifth



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marriage (dear Father, he will ever be the child). He tempted me with tales of a dazzling young American named Gregory. So off I went to Geneva. In Search of Gregory. Outside the airport I saw a poster of an exquisite autoball champion. He was Michael Sarrasin, that soulful boy in They Shoot Horses, Don't They?, so I knew that he must be Gregory. My darling brother Daniel, who still refuses to leave the villa and who still adores me so suffocatingly, poor thing, told me the most delicious stories of Gregory's mad escapades. Gregory became my obsession, even though I was seared by thoughts that he had engaged in a *cinq à sept* with my father's fiancée.

Alas, I was never to possess him. He appeared only in my imagination, and



SARRASIN & CHRISTIE IN "GREGORY"
A thousand meaningless fragments.

when he did not come to the wedding, I thought I would simply perish. Daniel pretended to help me find him, but he was desperately intent on keeping us apart. Finally, in a transport of sorrow, I decided to return to Rome. Ah, but then at the airport I saw the adorable autoball player and followed him to a hotel. When I learned he was not my Gregory after all, my slender dream shattered into a thousand meaningless fragments.

It turned out that Dame Irony had dealt me a wicked *coup d'épée*. Gregory had been at the airport all along, searching for me! Now it is too late for us. I know that love is an evanescence, a cruel will-o'-the-wisp that will c'er elude me.

I can relate this odyssey of torture only to you, soul of my life. Any other audience would surely call this the flimsiest piece of autistic nonsense since Green Mansions. Yours in despair of the bluebird of happiness,

Catherine

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